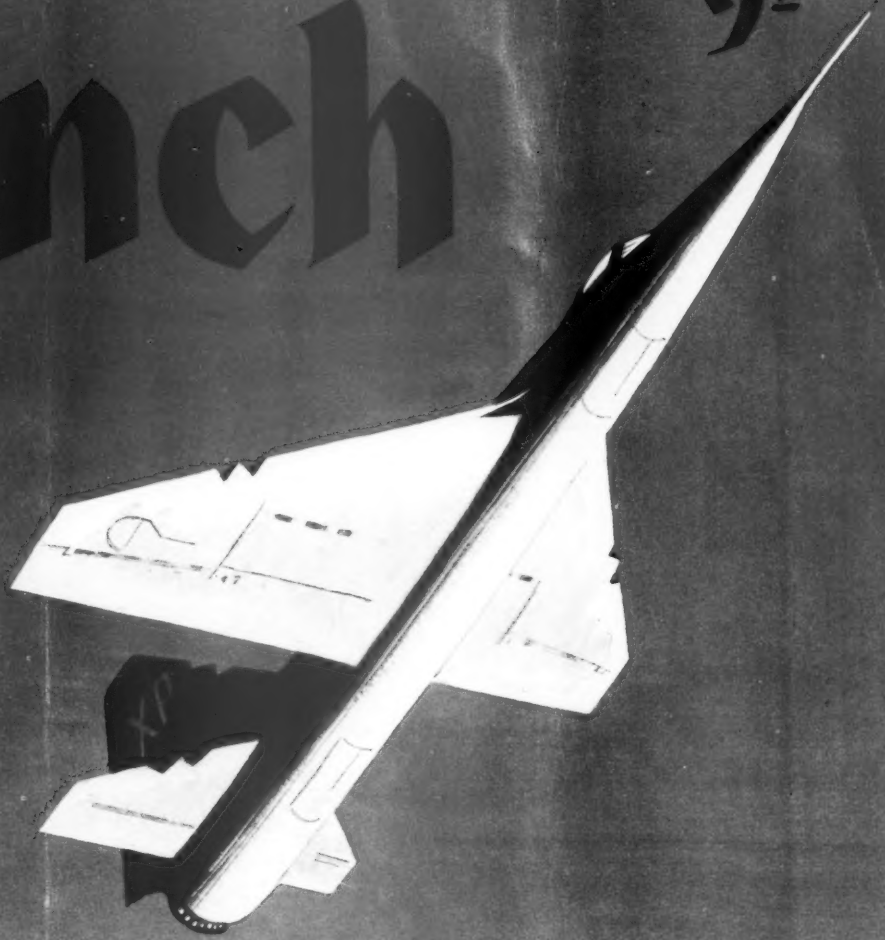


PUNCH SEPTEMBER 6 1961

VOL. CXXLI

9d

Punch



The English Scene

Painted by John Leigh-Pemberton

HARVEST FESTIVAL



LET GOURMETS AND WRITERS ON GASTRONOMY rhapsodize as they please about *courgettes*. Such vegetables simply will not do for our Harvest Festival, where no marrow earns its place that does not require to be trundled into position on a wheelbarrow. In like proportion (and profusion) come all the other fruits of our particular part of the earth; this is our Harvest Thanksgiving and who gives thanks with — a seedling? We may reflect, as we survey the scene, that farming is no longer as simple as it used to be; and if there is, in the thought, a touch of nostalgia, it will

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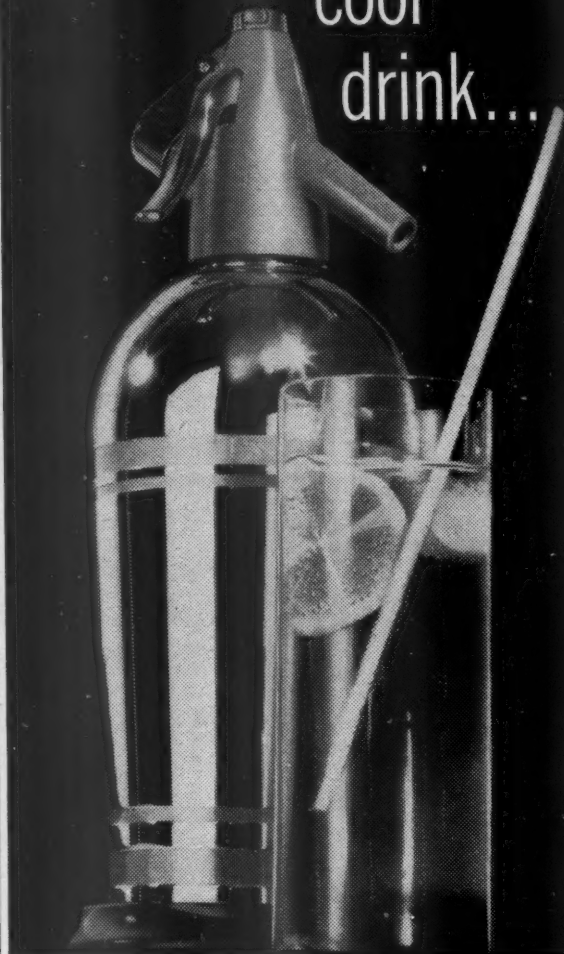
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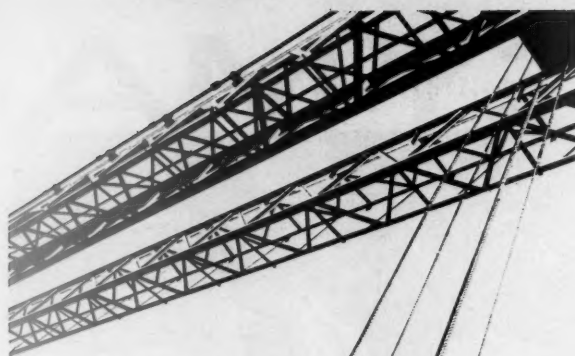
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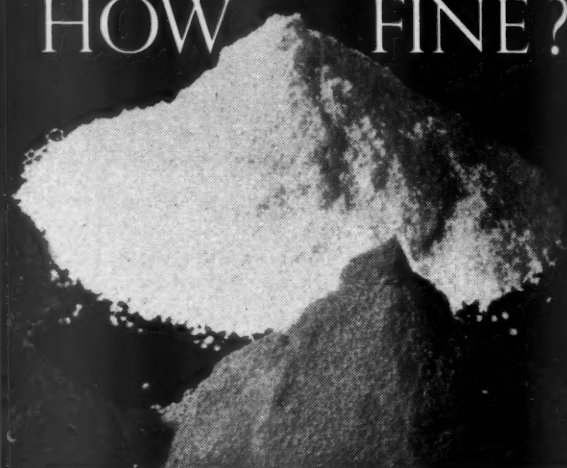
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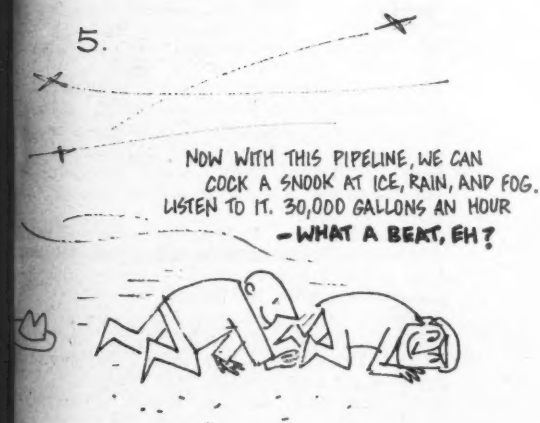
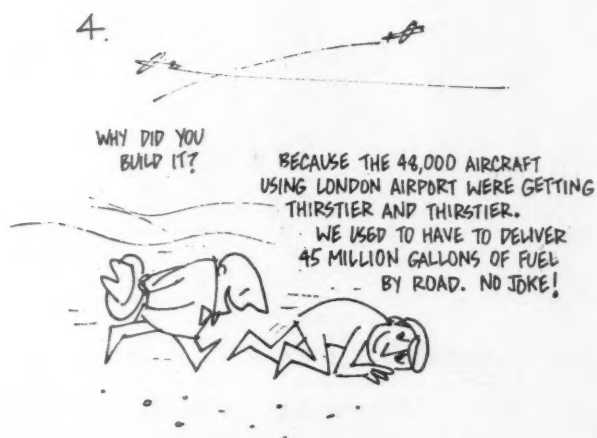
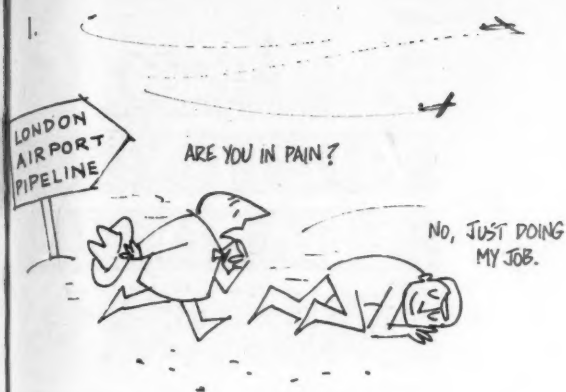


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All the listings are based on the latest information available at the time of going to press

THEATRE

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)



The Amorous Prawn (Piccadilly)—old-mode hearty comedy, funny in places. (16/12/59)

As You Like It (Royal Shakespeare Theatre Stratford)—good production, with Vanessa Redgrave a memorable Rosalind. (Repertory) (12/7/61)

Beyond the Fringe (Fortune)—four ex-undergraduates very funny in original revue. (17/5/61)

Billy Liar (Cambridge)—newcomer Tom Courtenay in weak play about north-country Walter Mitty. (21/9/60)

The Bird of Time (Savoy)—well-acted first play that fails to come to much. (7/6/61)

Bye Bye Birdie (Her Majesty's)—satirical American musical, Chita Rivera wonderful. (21/6/61)

Caesar and Cleopatra (Duchess)—new production of Shaw's play. Reviewed this week.

Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be (Garrick)—low-life British musical, funny but not for Aunt Edna. (17/2/60)

Goodnight, Mrs. Puffin (Strand)—few comic clichés remain unturned. (26/6/61)

Guilty Party (St. Martin's)—very exciting, big business whodunit. (23/8/61)

Hamlet (Stratford-upon-Avon)—poor production. (Repertory). (19/4/61)

Irma la Douce (Lyric)—low-life French musical good for the sophisticated. (23/7/58)

The Irregular Verb to Love (Criterion)—another witty domestic tangle by Hugh and Margaret Williams. (19/4/61)

King Kong (Princes)—spontaneous but rather amateur musical from South Africa. (8/3/61)

The Kitchen (Royal Court)—Arnold Wesker's symbolical play re-cast for renewed run.

Let Yourself Go! (Palladium)—revue. Harry Secombe lovable and Eddie Calvert loud. (31/5/61)

The Lord Chamberlain Regrets (Saville)—disappointing revue, determinedly but vainly topical. (30/8/61)

The Miracle Worker (Wyndham's)—Anna Massey brilliant in the Helen Keller story. (15/3/61)

The Mousetrap (Ambassadors)—the nine years wonder. (16/12/52)



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Punch, September 6 1961

Much Ado About Nothing (Stratford-upon-Avon)—disappointing production. (12/4/61)

The Music Man (Adelphi)—slick dancing in dull treacly American musical. (22/3/61)

My Fair Lady (Drury Lane)—still a good musical (7/5/58)

Oliver! (New)—exciting British musical from *Oliver Twist*. (6/7/60)

On the Brighter Side (Comedy)—witty revue with Betty Marsden and Stanley Baxter. (19/4/61)

One For The Pot (Whitehall)—new farce. (16/8/61)

One Over the Eight (Duke of York's)—Kenneth Williams in patchy revue. (12/4/61)

The Rehearsal (Globe)—amusing and dramatic Anouilh, very well acted. (12/4/61)

Richard III (Stratford-upon-Avon)—lightweight but effective production, with Edith Evans, and Christopher Plummer dashing dotty. (Repertory) (31/5/61)

Romeo and Juliet (Stratford-upon-Avon)—Edith Evans and Dorothy Tutin magnificent in average production. (Repertory) (23/8/61)

Ross (Haymarket)—Rattigan's fine study of T. E. Lawrence. (18/5/60)

An Evening with Sammy Davis, Jr. (Prince of Wales)—stimulating one-man show by star singer-dancer-impersonator-musician and solid supporting acts. (30/8/61)

The Sound of Music (Palace)—tunes the best thing in a very sentimental American musical. (31/5/61)

Stop the World, I Want to Get Off (Queen's)—Newley's patchily good musical satire. (26/7/61)

'Tis Pity She's a Whore (Mermaid)—new production.

Wildest Dreams (Vaudeville)—new Slade/Reynolds musical. (16/8/61)

Young in Heart (Victoria Palace)—the Crazy Gang still certifiable. (4/1/61)

REP SELECTION

Ipswich Theatre, Ipswich. **Ring for Catty**, by Patrick Cargill and Jack Beale, until September 9.

Playhouse, Oxford. **Whiteman**, new play by Michael Picardie with music by Todd ("King Kong") Matshikiza, until September 9.

Theatre Royal, Lincoln. **The Constant Wife**, by Somerset Maugham, until Sept. 9.

Northampton Rep. **Separate Tables**, by Terence Rattigan, until Sept. 16.

Theatre Royal, Windsor. **Kind Sir**, by Norman Krasna, until Sept. 16.

Theatre Royal, York. **The Compliant Lover**, by Graham Greene, until Sept. 9.

CINEMA

Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Ballad of a Soldier (Curzon)—Russian: a young soldier's journey home in war-time. Minor but unusually entertaining. (14/6/61)

Ben Hur (Royalty)—The old faithful spectacular: chariot-race splendid, and otherwise bearable even by those who usually avoid "epics." (30/12/59)

Breathless (Academy)—French (*A Bout de Souffle*): petty crook on the run, stealing, bashing, moving unpredictably. Very "new wave," but entertaining even for lowbrows. (19/7/61)

La Dolce Vita (Berkeley)—The sweet life in Rome, on every level. Very loose and episodic, variously entertaining and shocking; basically moral. Not yet dubbed—*verb. sap.* (21/12/60)

East of Eden (Warner)—Reissue: Steinbeck's modern (period 1917) adaptation of the Cain-Abel story, with James Dean. (20/7/55)

Eroica (Academy, late night show)—Polish: two separate stories (one amusing, one serious, both

CONTINUED ON PAGE XIII



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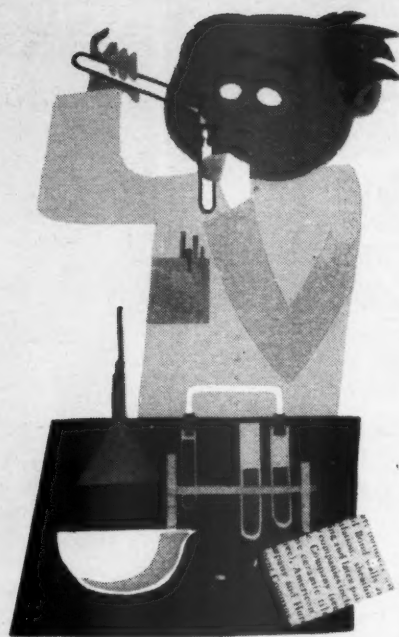
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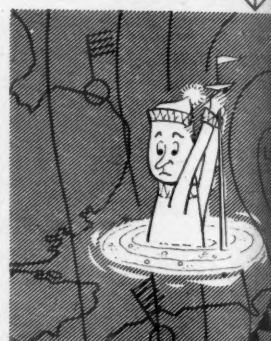


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Punch, September 6 1961

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impressive) about the Warsaw Rising of 1944. (26/7/61)

Exodus (Astoria)—Long (3 hrs. 40 mins.) spectacular account of what preceded and followed the birth of Israel in 1947. Action stuff good, character conventional. (17/5/61)

Goodbye Again (Leicester Square)—Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand, Anthony Perkins in entertaining Hollywood version of Françoise Sagan's novel *Aimez-vous Brahms*. . . (30/8/61)

The Guns of Navarone (Columbia)—Six assorted saboteurs spike German guns on a Greek island. Noisy, violent, visually fine adventure-story. (10/5/61)

Infidelity (Cameo-Poly)—French (*L'Amant de Cinq Jours*): artificial comedy, uneven but with many good bits. (16/8/61)

The Keepers (Jacey in the Strand)—French (*La Tête contre les Murs*): unhappy story of life in a mental hospital, implied plea for more enlightened treatment.

The King and I (Metropole)—Reissue of the 1956 success with Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr. (26/9/56)

Mein Kampf (International Film Theatre)—Nazism from rise to fall, shown in film from many countries including much hitherto unpublished from Germany. (19/4/61)

The Naked Edge (London Pavilion)—Reviewed this week.

Othello (Royal Festival Hall, Sundays till Sept. 10)—Russian; a ballet version.

The Parent Trap (Studio One)—Identical twins (Hayley Mills) reunite their separated parents. Sentimental, funny, ingeniously entertaining. (23/8/61)

The Queen of Spades (Royal Festival Hall, Sundays till Sept. 10)—Russian: pleasing colour film of Tchaikovsky's opera. (9/8/61)

Raising the Wind (Plaza)—Reviewed this week.

La Récréation (Gala-Royal)—Françoise Sagan story: American girl (Jean Seberg) at school in Versailles has an affair with an older man. Rather obvious.

Search for Paradise (London Casino)—Cinema in Ceylon, the Himalayas, Kashmir, Nepal; hearty Lowell Thomas commentary.

South Pacific (Dominion)—Lush colour (Todd-AO) Rodgers and Hammerstein musical: US soldiers, sailors, girls on a Pacific island in 1943. (7/5/58)

St. Tropez Blues (Cameo-Royal)—French youngsters on holiday. School of *Les Tricheurs*; emphasised with colour and jazz.

Two Women (Continental and Ritz)—Strong, vivid performance by Sophia Loren in ill-balanced version of Alberto Moravia's novel. (9/8/61)

The Virgin Spring (Curzon)—13th-century story: innocence defiled and avenged. Ingmar Bergman at his most symbolic. (14/6/61)

MUSIC

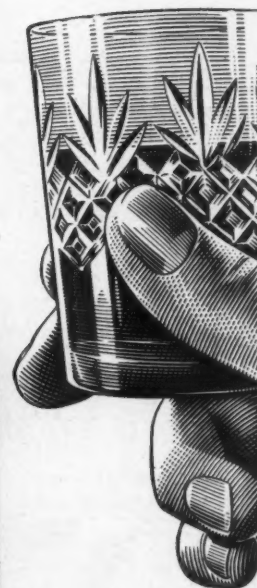
Royal Festival Hall. London's Festival Ballet. September 11—16 8 pm, *The Snow Maiden*. September 6—9 8 pm, (Matinée September 9, 5 pm), International Guest Artist Week. September 7, Birthday Gala Performance.

Albert Hall. Promenade Concerts, nightly at 7.30. Sunday, September 10, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (conductor Fritoulari), Julius Katchen (piano). Tchaikovsky, Grieg.

Sadler's Wells. Revival of Offenbach's *Orpheus in the Underworld*, evenings 7.30, matinée Saturday 2.30.

CONTINUED ON PAGE XVI

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Edited by
Bernard Hollowood

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*For overseas rates see page 372.



Charivaria

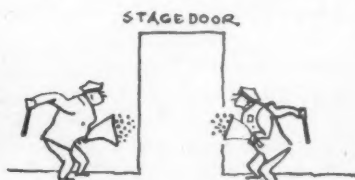
ONE of the reasons given by the Russians for banging off their damned bombs again is that the Americans have "made the tension of the international situation red-hot." Courtesy demands that we attribute the mixed metaphor to whoever translated the passage from the Russian; even so, it takes a pretty determined show of ill-will to detect a red-hot tension in the glare of a hundred megaton bomb.

Pleasure Pilgrim's Progress

"JANE, Daughter of Jane," new in the *Daily Mirror*, is the only case I know of a strip cartoon following the cinema example of inherited box-office appeal. If the toll of the years were strictly counted Dot and Carrie, the oldest survivors in this genre I can recall, would be pensionable crones by now. Though for all I know the Bayeux tapestries, first strip with captions, may have had as many sequels as those adventures of the other William by Richmal Crompton and "The Norman's Nephew" may be rotting in some French cellar.

Show Goes On

IT was lucky for the management that the actor arrested by New York sheriffs (who had the decency to



wait for his three enthusiastic curtain calls at the end) was playing in *Dear Charles* and not *Hamlet*. Even the most courteous cops watching in the

wings could hardly have resisted such a cue as "This fell sergeant death is strict in his arrest."

Change at Nowhere

TRAVELLING on the Underground, how many people connect the stations with the surface world? As one goes from St. James's Park to Westminster, is one aware of the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament? What



do Earls Court or Blackfriars mean to the traveller down there below them? Can't London Transport put murals on the stations to remind the straphanger of the delights above?

Oven Ready

A GRASS widower I know bought himself a roasting chicken in a supermarket. The wrapping said "Oven Ready" so, simple soul that he is, he stripped it off and put the bird in the oven. After a couple of tolerable meals he detected a piece of Cellophane on the carcase and gave it a tug. To his consternation it turned out to be one end of a buried and very soggy sachet of offal, with a far from tantalising smell; indeed, when offered to the cat, it estranged that animal for twenty-four hours. My friend was unaware that chickens carried their insides in Cellophane bags, though women seem to know about these things. He thinks it would help if the bags had labels attached, on a length of string, like tea bags. Meanwhile, he has gone back to chicken-and-ham paste.

Air to Air

ONE of the most fascinating of recent news-items is the revelation that last year a nuclear missile was almost launched by radio signals coming from a disc-jockey programme near the launching site. And among the most remarkable aspects of the case is that as far as we know the missile was not headed for the studio where the disc-jockey was working.

Before You, Mrs. Meyrick

A SOHO night club is claiming to be the oldest in Europe, an unusual boast in a trade which is apt to put the emphasis on newness. What an odd vista it opens up: those bored trollops removing hoop after hoop with a routine leer at John Stuart Mill and Richard Cobden; those disguised Bow Street Runners running up whacking after-hours bills in Haymarket clip joints, while Jacobite hat-check girls go through their pockets; those Augustan hostesses ogling over their bitter lemons as they raise false hopes in John Company's expense-account boys, who hope to see them home to the rookery round the corner; those Jacobean cellars, where gentlemen are requested not to dance together. Perhaps some of these establishments were not night clubs pure and simple.

Enough of Imitations!

NO doubt it is very fitting that the Royal Sussex should wear orange lilies for their freedom march through Belfast. But I grieve to see that the



"Now, on this 'Come to Church' account, the first thing is, find an image."

commanding officer has ordered artificial ones. He has heard, no doubt, that the Welsh regiments content themselves with synthetic leeks from a leek factory and that paper roses have been seen in berets on Minden Day. It may even be that colonels descend from aircraft on St. Patrick's Day with trays of paper shamrocks. Think of it—a regiment swanking by, with real bayonets fixed, real drums beating, real Colours flying and artificial flowers or vegetables in their caps. If I were a florist I should march alongside, picketing.

Muted Overtones

THE criminal code of Ghana has just been enriched by a new amendment which renders anyone defaming President Nkrumah in writing, print or speech liable to three years' imprisonment or a fine of £500 or both. I take it that initial publication of this ordinance in the Ghanaian papers will be allowed without penalty, however.

What's He Doing Now?

I SEE an ex-prisoner has been complaining that once inside a man "loses all his respectable friends and prison brings a whole heap of problems." They're nothing to the problems he brings to his respectable friends.

Bless this Housey-Housey

DRIVE-IN bingo, in which motorists toot their horns to signify their scores, would be improved if the announcer also used a three- or four-note sequence on the horn to call Clickety-Click, All the Threes, etc. Moreover someone with the talent of the late Stanelli, inventor of the horn-chestra, could devise a whole tombola toccata with runs and chords for top of the house, pyramid, and so on, evolving a new art form that would hold children from play, old men from the chimney corner, bowlers from their alleys and viewers from *Emergency—Ward Ten*.

Sands of Time

WHEN I read the heading "Castro-type Revolution" I wondered if a new adjective, castronian or castronic, was being born. If so it would be surprising, for of all history's statesmen, tyrants and dictators few have achieved adjectival immortality. Offhand, using napoleonic drive and machiavellian cunning and fearing draconian penalties

The Price of PUNCH

In our issue of June 21 we mentioned that the price of PUNCH would be a shilling from September 27 and we said: "PUNCH has been putting on weight. In the past three years our twenty-eight editorial pages have fattened out to thirty-eight, to give room for new features—pages for women, serialised features, the centre spreads, the new London Charivari—and to allow for more pictures and print generally. It is clear from the rising circulation and from readers' letters that the fuller figure becomes us. But inevitably another figure must change to keep pace." Our four special weekly issues—the Spring, Summer, Autumn and Christmas Numbers—will not go up in price but will remain at one shilling each and the Almanack, which will stay as an extra number at 2/6 this year, will be reduced to 1/- in 1962 and will become one of the weekly issues.

if proved wrong, those are about the only ones I can think of. Mosaic is purely legal and caesarean surgical; neronic and cromwellian are rarely used now, and hitlerian never caught on. It is the lightweights who live, which is gilbertian.

Drowse, Please

PATIENTS having plastic surgery under a local anaesthetic at Salisbury can listen to non-stop music, all types from classical to rock. Fair enough; but for the non-musical there will be tape-recorded talks on subjects including literature, art and travel. This sounds much less soothing. What effect on the highbrow patient would an enthusiastic talk on Charles Morgan or Annigoni have? Suppose the listener to a talk about the joys of Dartmoor were an ex-convict? Perhaps, however, the talks are to be soporific rather than stimulating, with some highbrow droning on about the metre of Beowulf.

Forces for Peace

THE Times Washington Correspondent says that to prevent reservists' morale dropping it has become necessary to demonstrate that a peaceful solution to the crisis is being sought. This suggests that before long pacifists will be advocating conscription.

—MR. PUNCH

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R. PUNCH



"WE very well remember," runs the preface to *How to Mix Drinks, or the Bon-Vivant's Companion*, published in New York in 1862, "seeing one day in London, in the rear of the Bank of England, a small drinking saloon that had been set up by a peripatetic American, at the door of which was placed a board covered with the unique titles of the American mixed drinks supposed to be prepared within that limited establishment. The 'Connecticut eye-openers' and 'Alabama fog-cutters,' together with the 'lightning smashes' and the 'thunder-bolt cocktails,' created a profound sensation in the crowd assembled to peruse the Nectarian bill of fare..."

That must have been in the eighteen-fifties, when Colonel

Americans drink vodka as savages drink the blood of their enemies, and for similar reasons, but the virtue of vodka to Americans is that, as one American advertisement puts it, "it leaves you breathless"—one can get stinking, but not stink. In the United States as much vodka is drunk as Scotch, and nearly as much as gin: we drink twice as much of it here as we did last year, and it isn't the fellow-travellers who do it, for the sweet Soviets' sake, but the executives who have "Madison Avenue" embroidered on their grey-flannel hearts. We distil it here, too.

Turn, though, from American Bar to ABC. The national dish of the British teashop is baked beans on toast; the baked beans are "Boston" baked beans by origin, and tinned as a

THE BIRTH OF SAM BULL



How far has American influence changed our national character?

FOOD, DRINK, AND FASHION

by Cyril Ray

Newcome was sipping his sherry-and-water, and the Rev. Septimus Harding was washing down his mutton chop and potatoes with a pint either of sherry or of port (he tossed off both in one chapter of *The Warden*). Seeing how long they have had since then, the Americans haven't gone all that far in changing our drinking habits. The "American Bar" of a London or a provincial hotel may be the spiritual but it is hardly the spirituous descendant of that small drinking saloon behind the Bank: its habitués are as likely to call for a Tio Pepe or a gin-and-tonic, these days, as they are for a martini: most of them haven't asked for a Bronx or a Sidecar these thirty years. We have done more with Scotch whisky and London gin to hang a happy haze over the American scene than Alabama has ever done for London with its fog-cutter.

We haven't even been all that cocacolonised. I haven't myself been offered a Coca-Cola, I am happy to say, since 1936, and although Pepsi-Cola and Coca-Cola fight it out in dance-halls and at dog-tracks (and before the Privy Council, a couple of years ago, over the design of a bottle) they don't seem to have cut deeply into the consumption of beer in the boozer, tea at the table, or Liebfraumilch at expense-account restaurants. Even were the cola drinks a cause of impotence and sterility, as the French wine-lobby has been known to assert, we need not fear for the future of the island race.

Rather than exercising a direct influence on British drinking habits, the United States has provided a roundabout route for the Russians to influence us. Vodka is a Russian drink, but we drink it in the American way—with tinned tomato juice as a Bloody Mary, which is perhaps the best thing to do with tinned tomato juice, or with vermouth as a vodkatini, which may be all very well as a drink, but is a hell of a word. It may be that

vast American firm first tinned them. To bake your own beans, or to ask for a *cassoulet*, would be monstrously affected: to open a tin of Heinz beans is the gesture of the true-blue Englishman. A tin is a "convenience food," to use the phrase flung at me the other day by a public-relations woman who thought it not so much engagingly Edwardian of me as downright reactionary to expect fresh vegetables in an English June: frozen peas, she said indignantly, are a "convenience food."

It is the Americans who have taught us not only how convenient is the deep freeze but how to disguise the tastelessness of what comes out of it. By the lavish use of condiments for instance, so that a hamburger or a beefburger is garlanded with onion and incarnadined with ketchup; and by setting the salivary glands working with words on a menu, where there is no taste on the palate. Thus frozen peas are called not "frozen" but "fresh garden," and "Shrimboat," at a road-house I pulled up at the other day, was described as "plump, sea-fresh shrimps nestled in French fries." In other words frozen fragments of dogfish tail and chips, fried in a by-product of whale-oil.

CYRIL RAY was born in Manchester and has modestly explained his ability to pontificate on food and wine by saying that he has no palate but is a damn good journalist. Represented the "Sunday Times" in Moscow from 1950 to 1952. Now writes about food and wine for the "Observer" and the "Spectator."

If, as I believe, it was the Americans who invented Alka-Seltzer, God bless them.

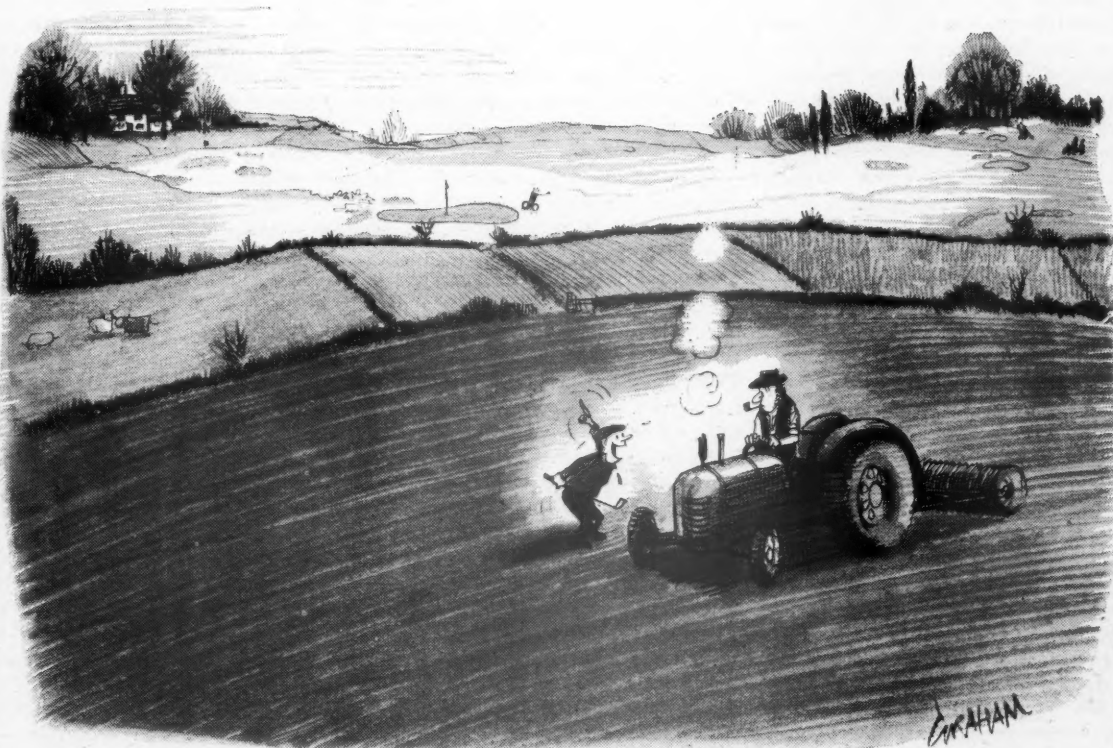
There are some traditional American dishes worthy of any gastronome's attention, but the Americans seem as shy about them as they are about their admirable Californian wines, which it is almost impossible to get one's kindly hosts in New York ever to put on the table. The new, American-run Carlton Tower Hotel offers French dishes in the restaurant and British beef—though on the American scale—in the Rib Room. I, for one, would welcome a good American restaurant in London, with Creole crab gumbo, cod chowder and scrapple on the menu, along with such naturalised dishes as chili con carne and chicken cacciatore, and Cabernet Sauvignon and White Pinot from the Napa Valley to wash them down with. All we ever get, in the meantime, apart from the convenience foods, the cake-mixes, the hamburger bars, the conveyor-belt chickens on the spit, and the knickerbocker glories of the soda fountain, is an occasional apology for chicken Maryland—dispirited broiler, with a bit of banana hastily fried before it went off.

Is chewing-gum a food? It must be recorded here, I think, that I have heard old gentlemen commenting this season—and commenting adversely—on having seen Test-match cricketers chewing in the field.

Those hospitable New Yorkers I have referred to who, when I was last there, would fob me off with château-bottled first-

growth claret, late-gathered hock, and the greatest burgundies, instead of the "naïve domestic burgundy" I pleaded for, were the owners and wearers of "British boaters"—the straw cadeys of my boyhood. (Come to that, they were wearing shirts of "English voile," Argyle socks, Cork-street suits, and hand-made English shoes from Lobb or Bunting.) Here, where the boater is as obsolete almost as the beaver, we have taken to their trilby-shaped dark straw hats, and very neat they are, except for their multi-coloured pugarees, and much more likely to stay on: I recall having to anchor my boyhood's straw hat to my lapel with a black cord, like a hunting bowler. With them we wear light-weight suits as the Americans do, but they are cut in the English way, or in the Italian, whereas theirs have the drape that was first devised by Mr. Scholte of Savile Row between the wars to give breadth and hang to a Guards greatcoat.

So the consoling weightlessness of our summer suits is American, but the cut is still European—except on holiday, when the young wear soberly-striped blazers of Madras cotton, with fancifully heraldic buttons, straight from the fashion pages of *Esquire*, and bow ties that owe more to Chicago than to Churchill, or open-necked shirts in gay South-sea-island patterns that dangle outside their trousers. And not only the young. I saw a septuagenarian English peer not long ago, taking the cure at Montecatini, whose shirt was more Hawaiian than a pineapple: he told me his wife had bought it



"I've just done a hole in one!"

for him. Mounted on their motor-bicycles, the Home-Counties James Deans dice with death in black leather or, in the dance-halls, jive in jeans. Their pointed shoes are Italian, but when they walk abroad in broad toes the straps and buckles come straight from the Western film. And the frilly, frothy petticoats of their partners have swirled, too, out of the square dances of the West.

It looked for a time as if the gay, pretty and uncommonly stylish Mrs. Kennedy might persuade British women of another age group and social level that hairdressing and high fashion are not necessarily French, nor shoes Italian, but she never succeeded in setting an American style here whatever she may have done at home. She came nearest, they tell me, with her hats, but the milliners couldn't bring

themselves to approve of hats so small, and worn so far on the back of the head that they couldn't be seen—propaganda, they feared, in the long run, for not wearing hats at all; the anti-hat.

So American influence on British feminine fashions is felt only on the beach and in the bedroom—mingling and merging, indeed, the one with the other, so that the successor, I am told, to "Baby Doll" pyjamas and "waltz-length" nightdresses is the "bedroom bikini," defined for me as "short pants and a shift." It is fitting, I suppose, that a culture that expresses itself gastronomically in ketchup should in fashion tend a little towards the saucy.

Next week: Industry, by Richard Bailey

The Glorious Off-Peak Load

By E. S. TURNER

WHAT do we know about Public Lighting Engineers—the men with letters like MIEE, FIES and MAPLE after their names? Precious little. Yet among them are men like Mr. Harry Carpenter, of Blackpool, a municipal magician who can lay out for you a shining Land of Nod a quarter of a mile long, replete with dream castles, or summon dazzling animated pictures from a giant story-book propped against a cliff. He is a showman-engineer, the least of whose skills is to make horses gallop and poodles juggle, a perfectionist who insists that even a public convenience shall carry a flashing windmill on its roof.

This week Mr. Carpenter's six miles of illuminations, scheduled to run for fifty-two nights, will be switched on by Miss Violet Carson of Granada's *Coronation Street* (Blackpool has its own Coronation Street), a distinction which puts her in the same rank as the Ambassadors of America and Russia.

Her picture, inevitably, will be there in lights, inscribed "Our Violet." Three million human moths will be drawn to Blackpool's flame, some of them from the outer dark beyond the Mendips and the Grampians.

Mr. Carpenter's joyous off-peak load now costs the equivalent of sevenpence on the rates, which sometimes inspires a nigger or two from Blackpool's suburbia. In 1956 the Corporation examined eleven different ways of making people pay to see the illuminations, but fortunately found them all unworkable. The argument for keeping the show free goes like this: an attraction which extends the season for nearly two months after other resorts have gone into envious hibernation increases the rateable values of the town. Limit yourself to two strings of fairy lights on the Town Hall, and what happens? The season dies in its prime, the rateable values fall—and the rates go up. Every citizen should thus be grateful for

those fifty miles of festoon strip, those thousand polychrome pylons, those heroic arches and those can-can girls. He should also be thankful to those private firms which subsidise the illuminations.

It's not as if the whole spectacle is renewed every year. That would cost the equivalent of about 2s. 6d. on the rates. While Mr. Carpenter introduces new features each year he rearranges used ones and sells off old lines to other resorts it would be invidious to name (he also disposes of old lines to stores for Christmas decorations). Some eighty men are permanently employed in his workshops and already his joiners and carpenters are working on 1962's novelties.

Illuminations, in Mr. Carpenter's conception, are more than decorative lighting. Illuminations have mobility, colour changes and perspective. They are planned on a series of themes—here a Starlight Way or a Planetarium, there



a Romantica, a Toytown or a South Sea Fantasy. The themes may start as sketches on the back of an envelope; these are elaborated by artists, perhaps turned into cut-out paper models, and then are set up in wood and plastic in shapes many times larger than life. Like women, the exhibits must be presentable by day as well as exciting by night.

The peculiar problems which confront Mr. Carpenter in no way diminish his zest. Blackpool's "breezes" scream through the safety gaps in his tableaux and clutch greedily at his lanterns. In his office he has wind pressure graphs and could, if pressed, quote you the pressure per square foot on a fibreglass wood nymph in a ninety-mile-an-hour gale. The same breezes whip up sand which will scour away the external colour from light bulbs, leaving them pale and streaky (and if there is one thing they don't want in Blackpool it is a lot of pastel shades). It follows that exposed bulbs must be the type coloured from within. Wind-borne salt forms a conducting film which leads to tracking, arcing and other forms of electrical indiscipline; and heavy rain on an electrified mermaid may mean that she packs a sharp sting in her tail. Mr. Carpenter's men build for fifty miles an hour and when the gale warning comes from the local airport his gangs move out to action stations. (At Morecambe the other day gale-torn cables dangled in the roadway and shook angry sparks at motorists.)

Nature is not the sole hazard. There are vandals and souvenir hunters, but fear of shocks tends to limit their enterprise. A woman complained that when she lifted up her child so that he could unscrew a bulb for himself he burned his hand; and she has not forgiven Blackpool yet.

An illuminations engineer must face such problems as whether or not to floodlight the sea. Rolling breakers look very fine under coloured lights, as do the waters of Niagara; but much of the time the tide will be out, and even when it is in the sea may be calm and little is to be gained by turning it heliotrope. Moreover, when the seas are rough only the hardy visitors will turn out to watch the light effects. Thus, the case for illuminating the Irish Sea is not overwhelming.

Blackpool's lighting workshops, nearly

three acres of them, are stuffed with splendid *bric-à-brac* from past and impending productions: the shell of a peacock whose tail once flashed fire; a great Dors-like Venus, standing shyly in a corner, who once queened it in the paddling pool; giant backdrops featuring anything from Vesuvius to the Statue of Liberty; costume jewels suitable for a woman one hundred feet high; three-dimensional tableaux from Disney films as yet unshown (Blackpool has a valuable gentleman's agreement with Walt Disney); and gold crowns, Prince of Wales's feathers, toy soldiers, assorted Woodland Folk and birds, beasts and bees galore.

This year the churches asked for an exhibit. So, in the garden of the Cenotaph, which is always floodlit, there will be a tableau of two teenagers standing before a fifteen-foot Cross, edged in red, and behind it a tall stained glass window showing the four national saints.

Blackpool's 520-foot Tower, which is privately owned, sets up its own decorations. Each year a party of spidermen outline it with ten thousand bulbs, the cost working out at something like £1 per bulb. These, at least, are tolerably safe from souvenir hunters. The piers are illuminated by Mr. Carpenter's men, in return for a fee. There are





three sites devoted to "commercials," and they occur at natural breaks. It is a sign of Blackpool's tolerance that it lets the Savings movement advertise.

Visitors this year may be a shade disappointed that there is not a giant tableau showing people playing Bingo, with real numbers flashing. Perhaps there is some good reason for this. To a layman at least, it would seem that with the aid of a few sequence flashers and an assortment of those all-purpose electric motors, the department could have run up a tableau like that in a twinkling.

Even back in the 'eighties, Blackpool was proud of its electric light—"soft rich light which penetrates every cranny, brings out every line of living countenance and every shade of dress in most marvellous exactitude and by its great brilliance makes the gas appear repulsively dull and yellow." In 1912 and 1913 came the first spectacular displays, resumed in 1925, with the assistance of war-surplus searchlights, and expanded through the 'thirties.

In 1949 the lights were switched on again, though not by Sir Stafford Cripps; and in 1951 they were advanced by one day to amuse the TUC leaders who were meeting in Blackpool (one union secretary hailed this courtesy as "a fantastic exhibition of waste" which should have been punished by imprisonment).

To-day lighting men come from all over the world to see how Blackpool does it. The members of that exclusive body, the Illuminating Engineering Society, also like to hear from time to

time something of the problems of mounting an eight-float Mardi Gras; so do the Association of Public Lighting Engineers, though the odds are that many of them will never be called upon to do much more than light a rock garden.

By the way there is a life-size glass woman on display in Blackpool, with discreetly illuminated kidneys, lungs, and so forth. This is nothing to do with Mr. Carpenter; his show is free, or as Blackpool puts it, "the greatest free show on earth."

Private Bar

THEY orbit high in the silent sky,
They aim for the moon and Mars,
They are making the pace in the race to space,
They will soon have conquered the stars,
So with some surprise we lower our eyes
To the centre of Berlin,
Where a three-foot wall is sufficiently tall
To keep the lot of them in. — ANTONY JAY

Feeding Six Thousand Million

By H. F. ELLIS

IT makes a difference, sometimes, to get your information from the source.

Reading a précis in my newspaper of *Man and Hunger*, just revised and reissued by the UN's Food and Agriculture Organisation, I felt my anxieties about the imminence of world famine slipping away from me like water off a plastic mac. After so much publicised gloom about the frightening rate of population increase in an already gravely undernourished world, it was refreshing to know that the earth's productive capacity was nowhere near exhaustion point. On the contrary, we might never reach the limits of potential

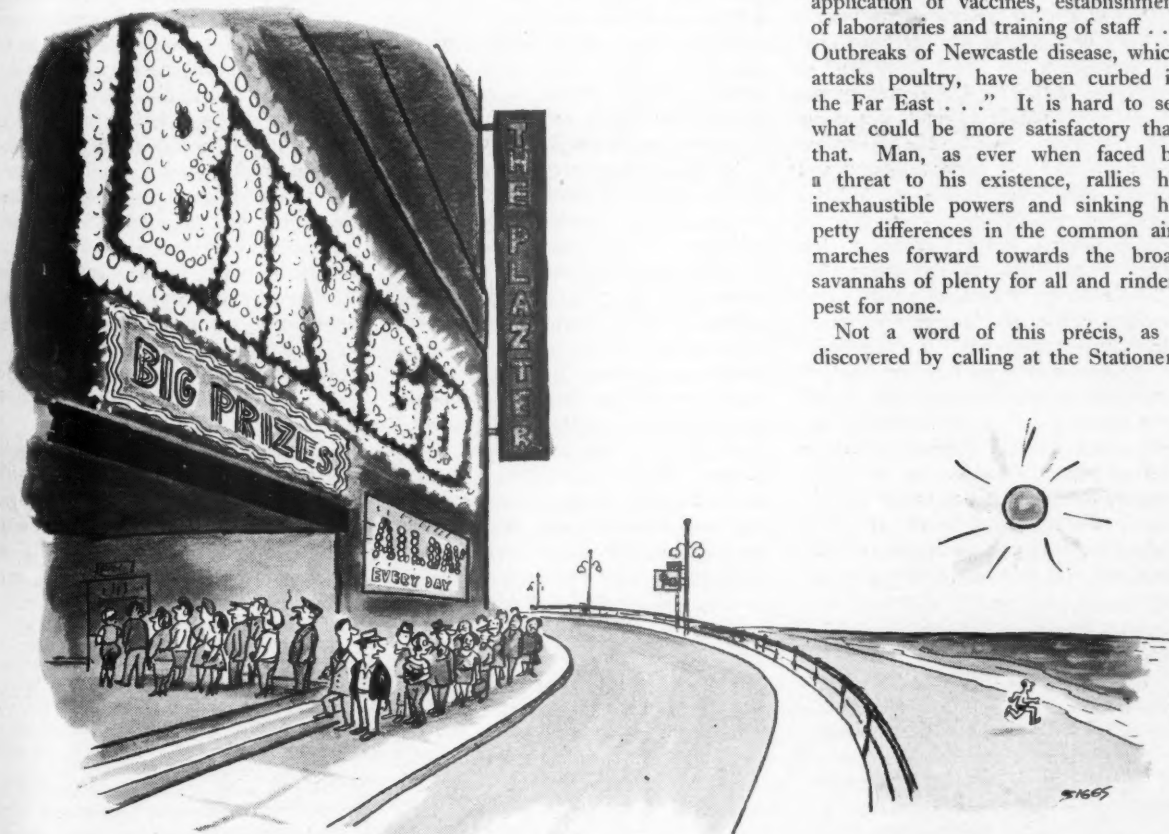
food production "for as we travel toward them they recede with the steady advance of knowledge."

A feeling almost of euphoria came over me as I read of the vast tropical rain forests awaiting cultivation, the endless savannah lands of Africa and Latin America, the semi-arid areas of Mesopotamia; of the tremendous unexploited resources of inland waters and the sea, of fish and marine vegetation, and of what had already been done to stimulate the use of fish-flour. Why should one vex oneself with the thought of an estimated minimum population of 6,000 million by AD 2000, when "the problem of raising the pro-

tein content of diets," says the booklet, "is being solved through the development of substitutes for milk, in particular soy and groundnut preparations"?

And pests! "The booklet deals with methods under trial for eliminating pests . . ." Good. The fly, the fall webworm, the sunn pest, the locust—all are beginning to feel the pinch. "Control of diseases," too, "has reached the stage where most of the serious diseases in underdeveloped areas could be brought under control," the booklet says. Excellent. "Rinderpest could be eradicated entirely from Asia and Africa under an effective programme for the development and application of vaccines, establishment of laboratories and training of staff . . . Outbreaks of Newcastle disease, which attacks poultry, have been curbed in the Far East . . ." It is hard to see what could be more satisfactory than that. Man, as ever when faced by a threat to his existence, rallies his inexhaustible powers and sinking his petty differences in the common aim marches forward towards the broad savannahs of plenty for all and rinderpest for none.

Not a word of this précis, as I discovered by calling at the Stationery



"Bound to be one lemon, I suppose."

End of holidays?**Beginning of term?**

Two pages of drawings catch the mood of the moment—

THE PLEASURE SEEKERS
by **SCARFE** and **THE NEW FORM**
by **ATCHISON**
in next week's **PUNCH**

Office and spending 2s. 6d. on *Man and Hunger*, is inaccurate or unjustified. The FAO does indeed believe that we have the land and water required to feed 6,000 million, and the techniques to make them do so. Great work has indeed been done, in the laboratory and in the field, to spread knowledge of the best methods of cultivation, to breed better stock and better seeds, to improve tools, to check disease, to get fish out of water, to plant forests here and thin them there. Nation has co-operated with nation; and the solid result of all this endeavour has been a 30 per cent rise in the per head food production of the world in 1959/60 as compared with 1946/47. My newspaper was entirely within its rights in passing on this good news. The difference between taking it at second-hand and going to the source is that, in the latter case, one realises more clearly that the whole thing is not yet exactly in the bag. Somebody could go hungry still.

As a matter of fact, fifteen hundred million people are hungry now, or at least inadequately fed. If the population doubles itself by the year 2000, as expected, there will have to be a 100 per cent increase in cereal production and a more than 200 per cent increase in animal products—which sounds like a mighty lot of savannahs under cultivation and a staggering lot of extra fish. And even then the general nutritional level will still be where it is to-day, i.e.

there will be three thousand million inadequately fed. To provide a proper diet for everyone in AD 2000 will call for increases of up to 300 per cent and more. The FAO booklet makes no secret of the fact that this will be a considerable undertaking.

Even when you have cleared the tropical forests and turned the savannahs golden with wheat, when every swamp and waterway teems with edible fish, when the right methods and the right tools have been brought to the right places (it is useless for instance to take combine harvesters to Afghanistan), when age-old systems of land tenure have been changed, when cultural and political resistances have been overcome, when the trivial financial snag that about a hundred countries with a population (by then) of about 2,500 million have incomes too low to buy an adequate diet has been disposed of, and all the kindred problems of costs and prices and currencies and international trade have been solved—when, in short, all the food required has been made available and its processing, storage, distribution and marketing been neatly arranged, you still have to persuade people to eat the stuff.

It is extraordinary what people won't eat. Unfamiliarity, custom, religious and superstitious taboos, questions of caste and status, even I dare say actual nausea bar the way to those who simply want to give people what is good for them. Millions won't eat pork or beef. Milk is widely despised. Locusts, snails and brown bread are rejected in many countries though highly appreciated in others. Fish, for countless hosts, is only for Fridays. Starving rice-eaters have been known to refuse wheat. Opinions differ, the booklet points out, about horse and dog. Italians eat pea-soup powder only with reluctance and maize is

thought by many northern Europeans to be fit only for animals and Americans. And if anybody thinks that minor difficulties of prejudice and prestige of this kind can be overcome by the distribution of suitably worded pamphlets, he may reflect for a start that "most adults in the world to-day can neither read nor write."

Some of these post-production difficulties were rather neatly summed up as long ago as May 1943, when the Hot Springs Conference of 44 countries (which laid the foundations of the present FAO) declared:

"With full employment in all countries, enlarged industrial production, the absence of exploitation, an increasing flow of trade within and between countries, an orderly management of domestic and international investment and currencies and sustained internal and international economic equilibrium, the food which is produced can be made available to all people."

The proviso there is a considerable one. In a perfect world, it seems to say, everything will be all right. That is an unexceptionable sentiment; but it reinforces, on the whole, my conviction that there is a good deal yet to be done. It is splendid to know that the limits of food production are receding as we travel towards them, but one still has the feeling that we might be wise not to travel quite so fast. Perhaps a population of say five thousand million by the year 2000 would be enough to keep our ingenuity healthily exercised.

BLACK MARK . . . No. 16

. . . for those manufacturers of domestic preparations, proprietary medicines and anything else embodying lavish letterpress on the tin or package, for devoting most if not all of this to praise of the product and assurances of its purity, efficacy and general sine-qua-nonability. It is to be presumed that the purchaser has been persuaded of these facts before parting with his money. What he now wants to read on the container is how to get into it and, once in, whether its contents should be mixed with water, taken before or after meals, spread like butter or sprayed with a syringe. A man urgently needing to exterminate wasps is not, in fact, interested to read that what he has just bought is guaranteed to exterminate them, and won a gold medal at the 1861 Exhibition. He just asks to know how.





Confessions of an Ex-Publican

By CHRISTOPHER MARTIN

TWO things happened the first day I inspected taxes. The Managing Inspector made a speech of welcome, and told me that while young graduates lent *cachet* to the office, I'd be no use unless I'd got tax in my bones; and I learned how to work a telephone switchboard.

My second day, I had been warned, would be harder, and it was. At nine o'clock I was presented with a pile of five thousand Schedule D Assessment Forms, which I plonked eagerly on my desk. Then I got my instructions. These were leftovers from last year's forms, but since then there had been a couple of changes. Mr. Smith had replaced Mr. Robinson as District Inspector, and the office had gone on to a five-day week. So my first job was to delete A. B. C. Robinson and insert D. E. Smith, and here was a rubber stamp with his name on to do it with. That was one job. Then, when I'd finished it, there was the other little business. Could I see where it said in small print at the bottom of the form that this office was open to the public Monday to Friday 10-4 and (Saturday 10-12)? Yes, I could. Well, would I kindly delete "(Saturday 10-12)" and insert "except Saturdays."

I considered my assignment for a moment, and then said that I supposed it would be quicker to perform both operations concurrently. My mentor (a Tax Officer) gravely examined this proposal. Yes, he agreed hesitantly, he could observe no ruling in the Head Office instructions to militate against that method of approach. So I started

off, all set to master my first big problem in work-study. Pile by my left hand, free space to the right; but then where should the inking pad go, because I couldn't stamp straight left-handed. Try it the other way round, with the right hand operating and the left in an easy motion, familiar from bridge, sliding the amended forms towards the out-pile. That worked smoothly, except that I kept catching my cuff in the in-pile. So I made a pending-pile of the 4,900 forms awaiting attention, and thus added another phase to the process.

It was slow work, and could do with more streamlining. Then I found that, by careful application, I could make the edge of the rubber stamp score a neat line through A. B. C. Robinson and in the same movement insert D. E. Smith. This subtlety kept me contented through at least a dozen forms. But it led me to calculate how long the whole job would last. My estimate was somewhere between two and three weeks. This struck me as misuse of manpower, so I looked round for other refinements.

The most finicky business was writing in "except Saturdays." It had to be done with a dip pen—I can't quite think why, but I suppose Head Office were loth to acknowledge the invention of ballpoints—and written very small; the delicacy of the operation lay in judging how much ink to have on the nib so that it wouldn't blur when blotted. It was skilled work, all right, no wonder they liked to get graduates.

Graduates were things with initiative, and encouraged, I remembered, to use it.



Here was my opportunity. Instead of deleting "(Saturday 10-12)" and inserting "except Saturday," it would be quicker, I suddenly realised, to delete "10-12" and write "except" in front of "(Saturday." One couldn't be too particular about an obtrusive bracket. Not wanting to seem too pert, I mentioned the idea to my mentor, the Tax Officer, very casually. He was startled. It was dead against Head Office rulings, he managed to explain, but promised to refer the matter to the Tax Officer (Higher Grade) at the end of the room. The latter, a large and

lugubrious gentleman, bore down on me with measured tread. He had nothing against bright ideas himself, he assured me, but it was very unwise to start flying in the face of authority so early in one's tax career. Notwithstanding, he appreciated the scale of my problem—those 4,875 unrevised forms—and undertook to consult the Managing Inspector. A few minutes later (and such swift attention impressed me) my tax-in-your-bones friend came bustling in.

"Now, now, what's all this?" he enquired with fatherly kindness. Abashed at the disturbance I was causing, I outlined my suggestion. There was a pause, as he laboured under the magnitude of the decision. Then he pronounced judgment.

"Head office rulings are not made for contravention," he began, by way of *obiter dictum*. "That would be tantamount to a *trahison des clerics*! But in view of the untoward circumstances in which you find yourself placed, Mr. Martin, you may adopt the suggested amendment. Rest easy in your mind, the decision lies squarely on my shoulders."

So "except (Saturday)" it was, and the promise of a week's nice

steady work ahead of me. The trouble was that I couldn't stop thinking. "NOT," it suddenly struck me, about 217 forms later, could be written much faster in the same space as "except." I buried the thought as subversive through at least a score of forms, and contented myself instead with minor improvements to my blotting technique. It was no good. "NOT" refused to be forgotten, so once more I started the chain of command in motion. Once again the Tax Officer shook his head gravely, once again the

Tax Officer (Higher Grade) was summoned to act as intermediary, once again the Managing Inspector had to be fetched from his private office to give a weighty ruling in my favour.

I had gone as far as I dared. When it occurred to me late that afternoon, with some 1,200 forms now amended, that the obvious solution, as well as the most grammatical, was to cross out the Saturday reference and leave it at that, I dismissed the thought instantaneously. I was beginning to get tax in my bones.

The Dog Star Rages

A YORKSHIRE farmer had a dog
who taught his master bingo.

B, I, N, G, O,

B, I, N, G, O,

eyes down for a check and clicketty-click
including all the lingo.

He drove his tractor into town
resolved to have a fling, O.

B, I, N, G, O,

B, I, N, G, O,

he won a thousand quid, he did
and made the rafters ring, O.

B with an I and I with an N

N with a G and G with an O

B, I, N, G, O,

he laughed like anything, O:

He spent it on new stock and gear,

a binder there, a baler here,

a new hard hat and a barrel of beer

aye, proper Yorkshire stingo,

a hundred sheep from the Isle of Mull,

six milch cows and a Lincoln bull,

and home he went with his pockets full
to Handbell Farm near Thwing, O.

But never a bone for his faithful dog

did Farmer Haymow bring, O:

whereby his doleful downfall came

as I rejoice to sing, O:

the oats were blighted, the wheat as well,

a murrain on his cattle fell,

the poultry pined and the pigs all died,

the sheep went mad and the duckpond dried,

the tractors split from side to side

they did an' all, by Jingo,

the grassland came to grievous harm

and now he lives on Starveall Farm

where the gates from their hinges swing, O:

ingratitude, you may conclude,

being worse than playing bingo.

—R. C. SCRIVEN



"I'll be damned—er, darned."

as sum-
ry, once
ad to be
to give a

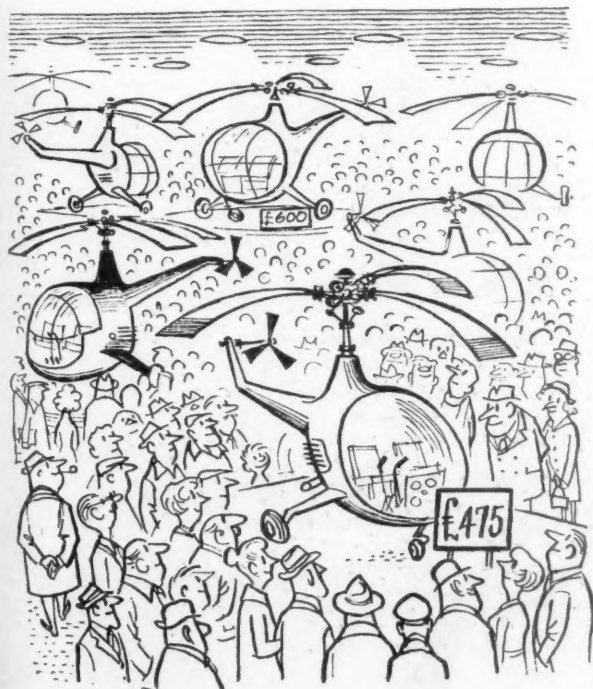
. When
fternoon,
mended,
well as
cross out
ave it at
t instan-
o get tax

THE ONLY WAY OUT IS UP

This week at Farnborough helicopters are more than ever to the fore, and last week we were told we shall have 17,000,000 cars on the road by 1970. How long will it be before the motorist really takes the hint, and makes his break for freedom into the blue belt?



A change will come over the essential details of the Motor Show at Earls Court.



THEN WHAT? A period of re-adjustment . . .

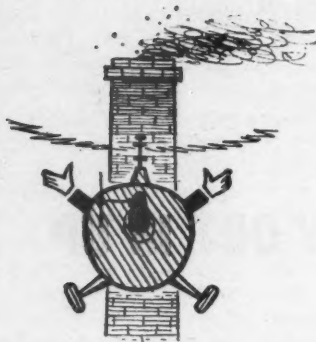
A SKYWAY CODE . . .



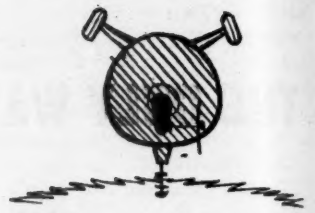
I am going Up



I am going Down



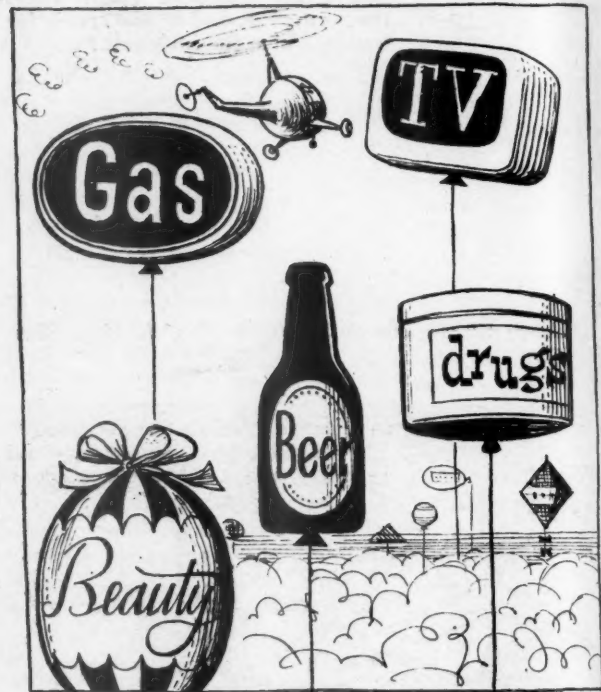
I am Undecided



I think I am Weightless



We must expect hitch-hikers to adapt themselves . . .

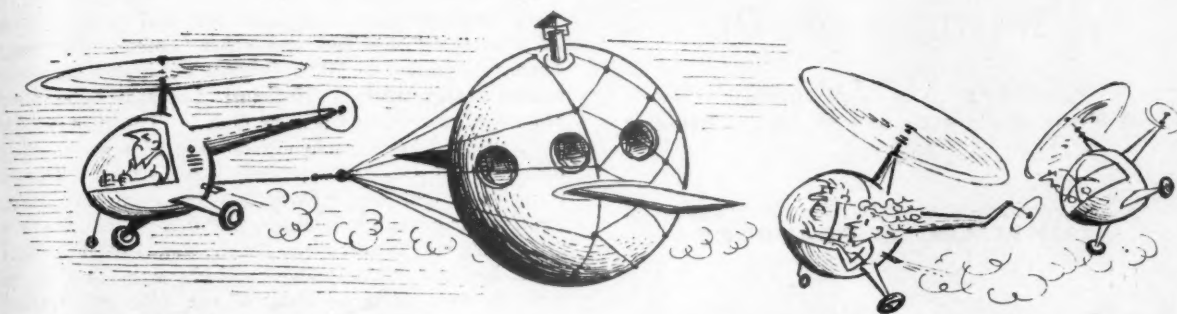


To say nothing of the admen . . .

We must re-think our
back window pets . . .



Beware of Mimicabicopters . . .

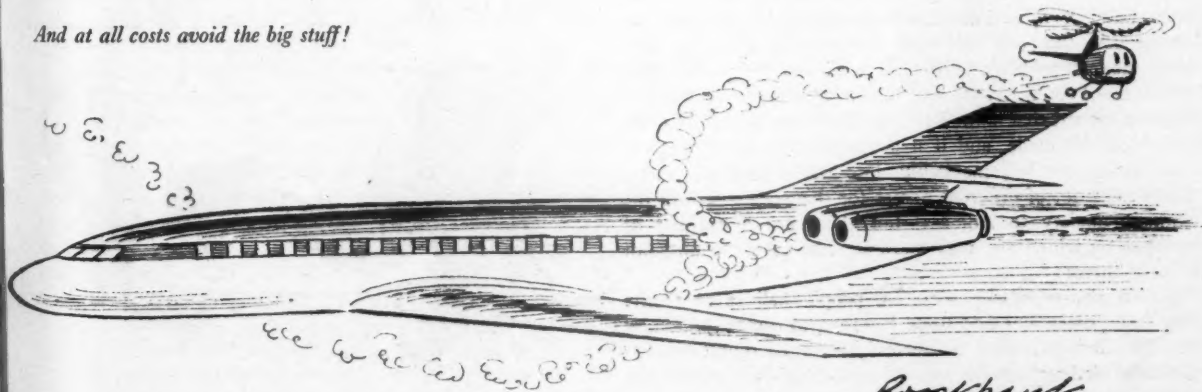


And Caravanicopters . . .



Widen our map-reading . . .

And at all costs avoid the big stuff!



Brookbank

All Dressed Up and Nowhere to Go

A Poor Man's Guide to the Affluent Society

By MALCOLM BRADBURY

2—Consumption: A Modern Miracle

THERE was a time, and it was not too long ago, when in this land of ours people couldn't have what they wanted. There existed in society the idea that certain things were not done; that there were standards of taste to be upheld, and decencies to be preserved. People of poor judgment were discouraged, by various means, from exercising it. Emphasis was placed on certain ideals of personal character—reserve, taste, honesty, honour, absence of personal presumption. These were a social ideal, and many failed to meet them. But they were an unequal ideal; they were exclusive. Not everyone could maintain them, for social conditions didn't permit it. Gradually those who couldn't maintain them let it be known. Too much trouble, too much time, too much difficulty were involved. People didn't know what they wanted, but they knew that wasn't it.

Giving the People What They Want is now fortunately in style. It is, of course, not very good, because actually each person is apt to want something slightly different and you have to rub a lot of edges off to find something that everyone does want. And, curiously, when people get it they are not always sure that this was what they wanted after all. The great modern problem is to make sure that the people want What the People Want, and much of modern culture is devoted toward that end. For it is only if we all want a thing that it can be made, and if it is made we must all want it. And so we are led, inevitably, into the consumer society. There are a lot of different names for this society—from the Affluent Society to Admass—but there are a number of qualities by which you may know it. Let us try to pinpoint some of them:

(a) In non-consumer societies, people believe in thrift: they love possessions and think it wrong to throw something out, even if it is broken or was only wrapped round or contained or tied up something. In consumer societies, if you drop something on the floor, you toss it away.

(b) In non-consumer societies, your milk is brought to the door by a friendly milkman. In consumer societies, your milk is brought to the door, if he remembers, by a hateful milkman, who drops bottles on the step and doesn't clean up, rings the doorbell when you are in the lavatory, and the like. With the milk, he leaves notes, written by a public relations officer of the Milk Fobbing Council; the notes attempt to blackmail you into buying more milk by pointing out that cows are bursting and milkmen being laid off because you only take a lousy two pints a day. They are signed "Your friendly milkman."

(c) Think of advertising as it was and is now. Once advertisements, dignified and sober, politely drew your honour's attention to "The Original Celebrated CURIOUSLY STRONG PEPPERMINTS. Medicinal Lozenges. 'ALTOIDS.' AID DIGESTION. From Chemists Only." To-day it is "GOT THE SPANGLES?" (a hypochondriacal aunt of mine ran off to the doctor when that ad. appeared; "I really think I have got them," she told him). Or it is a television commercial, showing our modern folk-heroes, that young² couple in their fisherman's knit sweaters who are the model of all we seek to be, jiggling frenetically about and chanting "Pop 'em in, suck 'em down, Make you dance all round the town (Mmm! Delicious!)" Or compare the advertisements for James Braithwaite, Ltd. The old advertisements showed James standing, proud and rotund, outside his factory, a thing he always had plenty of time to do. The new advertisements show the rear-lights of a car disappearing through the Mersey Tunnel; the caption reads "To-day, Manchester for COTTON TALKS! To-morrow, Ceylon for TEA TALKS! Wednesday, Wall Street for MONEY TALKS! The J. B. of to-day is RAISING THE STANDARD OF LIFE—FOR YOU!"

¹And weren't there some lozenges advertised as being used by Sarah Bernhardt and two eminent dukes?

²In non-consumer societies, folk-heroes are always old, because the old are wise, experienced and have learned to live in the world. In consumer societies folk-heroes are young—because the young have more uncommitted lolly.



"My geriatrician doesn't understand me."



"Not her, you fool, the Rubens!"

(d) In a non-consumer society, the word *new* is rarely honorific—it is more often than not pejorative. To say, in such societies, that something is second-hand means that it has the patina of age upon it and therefore it is probably better. In consumer societies, everything is labelled NEW! NEW! even when it isn't. In due course, however, the wheel comes full circle; modern goods prove so shoddy that people start to buy old things because they are properly made. Hence the sign I saw in America: "New! New! Antiques!" This will soon happen here.

(e) In consumer societies, whenever you buy anything, you need something else to go with it. Thus one buys a camera and discovers one needs a strap and a viewfinder and a picture-projector and a screen; one buys a car and discovers one needs windscreen washers and foglamps and demisters and little round chrome portholes to put on the bonnet. Many of these additional objects are to make mass-produced things seem individual; except that they are, themselves, mass produced.

(f) In consumer societies, the marginal is always inflated into the necessary. Television sets are marginal; central heating is marginal; cars are marginal. Just recently, in America, it has become accepted that two bathrooms are now necessary, perhaps because necks are getting dirtier. This

trend has evident difficulties for snobs, who depend for their ostentation on possessing marginal things.

(g) In consumer societies, the drift of the economy is to finding ways of selling nothing. The nearest thing that has so far been developed in this search has been the nylon stocking, the manufacturers of which, in a non-consumer society, would be prosecuted for fraud. Beautifully packed, with excellent newspaper, television and point-of-sale advertising, placed in an eye-catching position on a supermarket shelf, Nothing will doubtless soon be on the market. The only trouble is that it requires no plant and no labour to make, and will therefore not keep the economy buoyant enough; therefore research—which also keeps the economy buoyant and the universities active—is currently trying to find a way of making Nothing out of something.

(h) In consumer societies, at Christmas, factories and offices have Christmas trees and fairy lights and banners wishing you the best of the season with their compliments. During the year the same factories and offices put advertisements in the paper saying A LITTLE LEARNING IS A DANGEROUS THING (A. Pope) or MEN OF DISTINCTION PREFER GOD. This is called non-advertising or public relations. It is simply conspicuous consumption by corporations and what it means, in effect, is YOU PEOPLE OUT THERE ARE JUST CRUMBS



"Just check the water."

AND WE COULD BUY EVERY ONE OF YOU UP IF WE WISHED.

(i) In consumer societies, people are always trying to invent ways of spending the money they have. If you have a car, you must buy a boat; if you have a boat, then you must have an aeroplane. The result is that you use more and more things less and less. However, you must find room for them, clean them, service them and finance their depreciation. To have so much is like having nothing, except that you can't get away from it.

(j) Consumer societies are self-sustaining. Once they start they cannot afford to stop, since depression would ensue. In short, as Mr. Galbraith has pointed out, the problem of the time is not production but consumption. It is necessary for more and more people to consume more and more goods in less and less time in order to keep the expanding economy expanding still further. Thus when people say "To buy a new car when the one I have is only fifteen years old would not be thrifty" it has to be brought home to them that they are failing in their social duty—which is, of course, to keep the economy buoyant.

(k) Consumer societies do not like people with odd tastes. I happen to like steaks extremely rare, almost uncooked. However when I go into an English restaurant I am always—in spite of my caveats—brought well-done steak, usually described by the waitress as rare. On one occasion when I protested that words were not the same as deeds, I was told by the waitress: "I'm sorry, sir, we can't do them rare; people don't like them." What people—a lot of people—don't like is out.

(l) In non-consumer societies when you have bought something you feel a sense of well-being which continues as long as you keep the object. In consumer societies, your desire for the object diminishes the moment you have left the shop; and by the time you get home you are radically dissatisfied and want an improved model.

(m) In non-consumer societies, people will not buy anything unless there is, stamped on it, the name of the person responsible. Nowadays goods are stamped with unreal, evocative names, usually misspelled—EZE! CHAYRE (Regd.) BLYSFULBED (Pat.) and YUMMYBAR. Further, the way advertisements spell words becomes the way everyone spells them.

(n) In the consumer society, you can live anywhere because it is just like the place you left. Everywhere has the same chain-stores, the same goods, the same shop-fronts built in a national or rather international style. People are embarrassed to live in villages without concrete lamp-standards, or towns with old buildings; thus Shrewsbury town council is waging a campaign against the medieval look of the town, the only thing that stops it from being Slough. Anyone who doubts the new trend should visit the rebuilt centre of Southampton. The shops are built in uniform contemporary and the stores that have them all come from somewhere else, because they are the only people that can afford high rents. Anything that was regional and local has disappeared; and Southampton is just Anywhere. In short, it doesn't exist.

Next week: Choices, Choices All The Time

Not Quite the Same

By PATRICIA O'NEILL

BETWEEN the nature jottings and the tide-table in our local newspaper was a report of the christening of Althea Ursula, the Goresby-Scruntons' latest, with the names, ranks and titles of the godparents. A family party was afterwards held at The Towers.

Well, I daresay it was all very nice, with a pink and white cake and silver lettering on the invitations, but was it, I asked myself, quite in the same class as the christening when I was god-mother?

For one thing the—but never mind their names, we always knew them as the Mickey Finns—cut out invitation cards altogether, and we received ours verbally the night before at one of those camp parties which make up for lack of purpose by sheer noise and strength of liquor, which on that occasion was pisco,

watery pale to look at and tasting like turpentine with paralysing tendencies. I bet the Goresby-Scruntons never served that with the cake.

It was Mr. Finn who extended the invitation—his wife, he explained firmly, did not like parties—and his was far more intriguing than one simply stated in silver lettering, delivered as it was in the accent of a Scandinavian who had spent a few formative years in Hartlepool, and when his English failed in the local brand of South American Spanish.

F. got the drift of it, but we did not realise until next morning—Sunday—that we had been elected godparents, and as such were expected to provide the christening robe. Still clinging to old ideas about Sabbath-closing and the Shop Act, I foresaw the poor little Finn baby remaining unchristened that day, but our cook knew a friend who kept a

shop, and who might be persuaded to oblige at short notice.

The friend turned up trumps with a shiny satin robe and a bonnet which would have comfortably fitted a two-year-old. There was no time to worry about that for we were joined by the other guests, who escorted us to the motor-boat which was to speed us across the lake to the mountain settlement where Mickey Finn operated the generating plant for the mining camp. It was a small boat, and there were nine of us, including the priest, a Mosaic figure in the bow, and a young woman, who, having never been on the water before, spent the journey on her knees in audible prayer.

Half-way across the engine broke down, but only an hour late we drifted to the opposite shore, where the villagers were assembled to greet the



"Ever since childhood I've never wanted any other life but farming."



priest. It was his yearly visit, and his day was to be spent briskly in burying the accumulated dead—temporarily interred in the mountain snows—marrying the betrothed and christening their offspring, in that order. While he was borne dry shod and shoulder-high, we squelched through the mud towards our host.

Our hostess was not visible when we reached the bungalow, where we were shown into a room with a table covered by a sheet and flanked with benches. "Now we will drink vermouth, no?" said Mickey Finn. "The wines, red and white, the beer and the rum we will drink later at the fiesta," and poured out full glasses of thick brown fluid. We drank it through clenched teeth, but after the third tumblerful it was easier to swallow, too easy, and I said urgently, "Don't you think we should see the baby?"

Everyone was struck by the originality of the suggestion, and after a momentary clutching at the table, we steered ourselves into the next room, where on a vast brass-headed bedstead lay a puckered object, whose face comprised a mouth held open in a permanent bellow. Regarding it impassively was the Señora Finn.

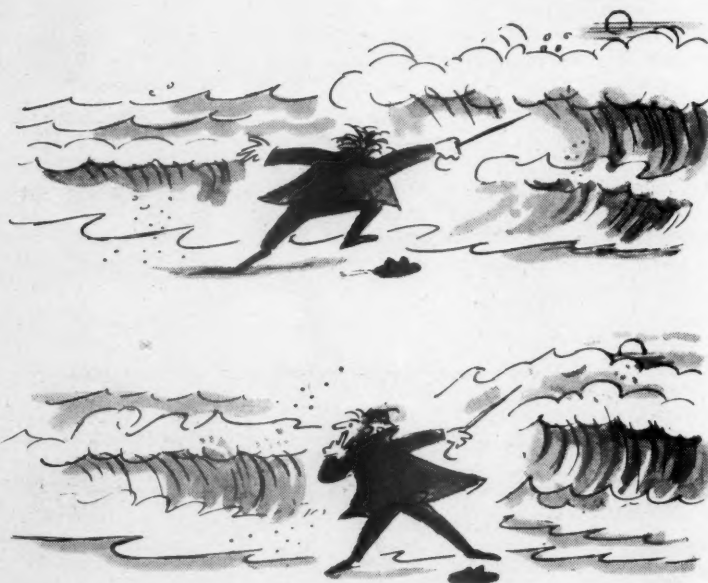
"It's very small, isn't it?" My mind was absorbed in the size of the bonnet rather than on diplomacy.

"She is only seven days old," explained her mother.

and while the others went back to the vermouth, I, as godmother, was left to lash the robe on the baby. I had to admire her, for she showed openly, while I tried to keep it dark, what she thought of flimsy satin and tatty lace. After the combat I went into the other room, feeling I'd earned a drink. Perhaps we had two more, perhaps three, but when the boy shouted through the window that the *padre* had finished the weddings and was waiting for us, we had to take a longer clutch at the table.

I rammed the bonnet on the baby, who took one malevolent look at the nearest rosette before starting to claw it to shreds, and went into the kitchen, where it seemed to be snowing feathers. "The baby is ready for you, *señora*."

"But I can't take her." Mickey's wife flung up her hands and I saw three girls squatting on the floor feverishly plucking chickens. "I am too busy preparing for the fiesta. You'll have to



"A week? You should be in bed."

"And who would see to the cooking?" asked the *señora*, before she went out by another door.

"She has spirit, in truth." Mickey Finn proudly regarded his daughter, who had turned purple black with rage when he attempted to chuck her under the chin. "And my first to be born in wedlock."

Congratulatory murmurs broke forth,

go to the church without me."

The icy air outside struck us like a sandbag, and F. put his hand under my elbow as we tackled the stony track up to the chapel. Through the open door we saw the bare-footed sacristan reach for a shell from the window ledge, blowing off it the dust of a year, before handing it to the priest waiting to christen the baby, whose name I did not know, and still can't remember.

Is This Where the Piano Player Lives?

By LEN RUSH

IF there's anything more intriguing than receiving a letter addressed to you in strange handwriting, I'd say it's being told "A man called while you were out." On this occasion, the first in years, I asked "What was he like?" with a bored casualness that might have suggested to anyone but my wife, who claims to be married to a hermit, that there was a continuous stream of callers hammering on the door.

She gave me an odd sort of look.

"I didn't take much notice. Fairly young. Yellowish hair, cropped short, slim-jim tie, maroon shortie raincoat with epaulettes. Winklepicker shoes. Oh, and a home-made-looking shooting-brake."

Rocky Williams and his Jet Men. Weddings, dances, etc. Versatile. Transport.) a wave of nostalgia overcame me. I recalled dim, draughty halls with concrete-hard floors and too many pillars and acoustics that were almost literally out of this world. Battered, sulky pianos. Crooked spot-waltzes. It was at such "gigs" that I scraped acquaintance with the semi-pros—sleek-haired characters with the faces of choir-boys and the minds of terrible old men. After "The King" (played *accelerando* with the idea of getting home that much earlier) there was guarded talk of future jobs; scruffy visiting-cards were exchanged, phone numbers jotted down, and everyone

piled hilariously into somebody's old Cowley. Could it be, I now wondered, that my name had been preserved on the back of a card for all those years?

Later, when Mr. Williams rang, I asked him about this. He seemed a reasonable chap, apart from a Bronx-on-Bootle accent and a tendency to call me "man." It seemed my name had been remembered, in the present emergency, by one Chuck Reid, drummer—or rather by his father Tubby Reid. This explained the mystery (though the only positive thing I could recall about Tubby was his skill in removing beer-bottle caps with his teeth.) At this point, I ought to have said, "Ah, good old Tubby!" murmured an apology and rung off. But he was a persistent, not to say desperate, young man, and I was daft enough to feel flattered. I found myself saying instead "O.K. then. Friday, half-seven, Bootle Assembly Rooms. See ya."

During the next few days I heard lots of infantile jokes about Mr. Piano and Daddy-o, but I was far too busy practising to take them to heart. I dug out the old metronome which in the past I'd so often accused, perhaps unfairly, of not keeping time. In a not very successful attempt to keep up to date I also put in some pretty gruelling hours with my transistor set tuned to 208.

The Assembly Rooms hadn't changed so much, though the clientèle was a good deal younger—nearer, say, *Juke Box Jury* than *Dancing Club*. But I swear the piano was the same, a huge black monster with a tone like a wire mattress. The others looked surprised



It didn't sound like anyone I knew, or wanted to know.

"What did he say?"

"He said 'Is this where the piano player lives?'"

It's true that I do play, a little. And there was a time when I was in demand, if that's not too strong a word, as an emergency deputy-relief dance pianist. Now, looking down at the card my wife handed me without a word (it said





"Our talks were very useful and quite informal."

when I asked for a chair, and pointed out that the regular man, Charlie Harris, never used one. At first I pretended it didn't matter, but it did really. Apart from feeling a first-class idiot, I found I just couldn't play standing up. Having got my chair, I was able to take a look at my colleagues. Rocky, being a guitar player, was the leader (years ago, guitars were *de trop*, a waste of money, because you couldn't hear them. You can now, all right—Rocky had four knobs on his). Arnold, a thin, nervous biology student, was a sort of guitarist's mate (he was only a two-knob man) who thrummed while his boss twanged. Chuck Reid, squatting rabbit-toothed behind a suspiciously familiar set of drums, was the image of his dad (it was all coming back to me now). The sad, bearded youth behind him nursed the oddest of instruments; it had a graceful, ornate neck, sort of

seventeenth-century Italian, degenerating into a flat clothes-prop with a wooden triangle for a belly. It turned out to be a bass, an *electric* bass, which made me nervous (supposing something went wrong, and all that lurking electronic power got loose—electronic bass power . . .) But it was the tenor sax man who had me interested: though he sported a crew-cut and a fancy French sweater, there was something different about him that I couldn't put my finger on.

For the opener, I suggested *Sweet Sue*—always a good stand-by. (The greatest stand-by of all time, incidentally, was the war-time *Yours*, which you could play as a Quickstep, Slow Fox, Tango or Rumba. I wouldn't be surprised if Harry Davidson has done it as a Schottische.) It went off all right; they all knew it and the tenor sax hooted and honked in a manner that

is now popular but which would have earned him the dead sack in my day. Emboldened, I followed with *Blue Moon*, *Stardust*, *Ain't Misbehavin'* and a few others which I hoped were regarded as evergreens, and I thought we were getting through the evening very nicely; only of course I had forgotten about the dancers. Just as I was trying to think of a nice waltz, a sharp-faced youth in a deerskin jacket approached and said "Hey—when are you gonna make with the Rock?"

There was some brief palaver among the flex-section, Rocky said something I didn't catch, and the next minute the air was alive with electronic twangs and thrums and booms and the room was filled with jerking, pan-faced dancers. This was a set-back from which I never really recovered; the Jet men had taken over, and I was pretty well a passenger. The chords weren't so difficult, but the tunes were written in the cracks, so to speak, and I didn't envy the job the tenor sax had. Suddenly, I saw what was different about him; I noticed the lines on his face, and a bald patch that was now showing. He was coping, all right, but he was an *old-timer*, like me.

There is something undeniably hypnotic about rock music, and it certainly made the time flash by; so that it came as a surprise when Rocky called "Last waltz!" (I wondered if this were usual, or if it might be a concession for my sake.) When I suggested (I didn't care by now) *Always*, *Ramona*, and *Who's Taking You Home?* no one argued, and I even think the sax man smiled. Off we went into a cosy, *one, two, three*, with cross hands, tinkling arpeggios, and some Victor Silvester-ish sax, smooth as cream.

After "The Queen," played *accelerando*, Rocky paid me the staggering sum of two pounds five, but I think he was stretching it a bit when he said I'd been quite a help. I was picking my way through a maze of cable with the idea of slipping quietly away when the sax player stopped me. "Do you mind," he said, "if I have your address?" Not thinking, I gave it to him. He wrote it down on the back of a card.

☆

"FALLING OFF IN ATLANTIC SEA TRAVEL
BIGGER DROP THIS YEAR LIKELY
SHIPOWNERS' CONCERN"

—The Times

They could raise the height of the rail.

Nue Speling

By A.P.H.

IF any man could lure me into the ranks of the spelling reformers it would be Mr. William Barkley, the bright and popular Parliamentary Reporter of the *Daily Express*; and if anyone has an open mind on the subject (which is practically impossible) I commend to him Mr. Barkley's new little book *A Last Word* (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons Ltd.).

The title has a note of sadness. The author has been chasing his hare for thirty years. One must admire a man who "goes on and on" for so long; and watch with sympathy his last but spirited spurt. He has other positive attractions. He loves the language, does not despise Latin, and is willing now and then to be inconsistent—a virtue rare in the spelling reformer. He does not want to add to the alphabet, use "e" upside down, or sprinkle the language with diaereses, cedillas, and dots and dashes that make the printed page look like a bowl of tadpoles. On many things he disagrees with the Simplified Spelling Society and the major fanatics.

But here is exposed the big hole in the heart. They agree on one thing only, that you and I, who do not rush to join them, are obstinate, ignorant, unimaginative mules.

In 1949 there was a big debate (see *Hansard*, vol. 462 col. 1599, March 11) on Mr. Follick's Bill for Rational Spelling. I contributed, I see, a few shy remarks:

"As the Hon. Member for Devizes (Mr. Christopher Hollis) said, they have no idea what they want. My good friend William Barkley . . . wants to spell 'no' as 'noe.' The Hon. Member for Loughborough (Mr. Follick) wants to spell it 'nou.' The learned gentleman whose book I had intended to bring with me spells it with a long 'O' like the Greek Omega. Mr. Barkley wants to spell 'a' 'ae.' The Hon. Member for Loughborough would spell it 'ei.' The other learned gentleman would spell it 'e.' Mr. Barkley wants to spell 'like' 'liek.' The Hon. Member for Loughborough

would spell it 'laik.' That is rational spelling. But which is rational?"

(Not only these, but all my humble observations, were generously dismissed by the late G. B. Shaw, in *The Times*, as "tomfoolery and poppycock.")

Mr. Barkley knows what he wants, and defends it very clearly. But he seems to stand alone. There are 48 pages in his excellent book. On page 10 he "pays tribute to the SSS and its leaders." But on page 22 he says: "I am compelled to take farewell of my valuable guide, the SSS, for our ways part."

Wherever they differ I find myself on Mr. Barkley's side. For example, he will not have that horrible "dh," turning "the" to "dhe" and "with" to "widh." He won't have "English" or "Temz." The danger is that one day we may accept the moderate Barkley and find that the fanatics have won.

The big dilemma the reformers will not face. They have two main purposes. One is to spare the children in the schools. They bring tears to our eyes with their pictures of the suffering English child, doomed by our irrational spelling to a life of spivvery and crime. (They seem to care nothing, by the way, for the suffering French child who has to spell *temps*, *ton*, *thon*, *tant*, *content* and like it; who may well wonder why the "e" in *petit* is different from the "e" in *pied*, why the "d" in *pied* is not sounded, nor one of the "t"s in *petit*, while one of the "t"s in

"How is it that everything you
say is Jungian but everything I
say is Freudian?"





"Matisse and Rouaults are steady—Utrillos are down a peg."

petition is practically "s"; who have to grapple with the *-ent* in *evident*, *existent* and *aimaient*, with feminine hands and masculine feet. Poor kids!)

The second purpose is "to make English a world language." But what they do for Purpose One may be death to Purpose Two. English is already pretty high in the World League, not only for its short words, simple verbs, etc., but for the Latin and Greek fellows, easy for the West Europeans and the whole of South America. United Nations despised Latin. Mr. Follick wants "Iunaited." The Americans, I suppose, will obstinately continue to call their country USA: but for us it will be ISA—a promising start for a world language. "Nations." In French the same word, pronounced differently; in Italian *nazione*; in Spanish *nacion*, in Portuguese *nacao*, with some tadpole fittings. When they see "nation" they all have a clue. But what will they make of "neishun" (Follick) or "naeshon" (SSS)? How will they be helped by "serkel," which is related to nothing they know and does not even represent phonetically the way we say "circle"? As for the children, the scornful Shaw was dis-

tressed by the time taken in explaining that "nation" and "national" are not pronounced the same way. But how much time shall we have to spend on teaching them that "neishun" and "nashunal" are really the same word and spring from the same root?

Mr. Barkley does better—up to a point. He worries mainly about the Commonwealth and Empire—the school-children of India, Pakistan, Malaya, Ceylon, Ghana, "piccaninnies (picaniniz) under the banyan tree." "Think what we should suffer in lost opportunities if German or Russian were the language of our former African Dependencies." So he, at least, can laugh at my argument on Latin roots. But he does want to keep *-ation*, defying the SSS. For him it will be (I think) the Uenieted Nations. But then, he wants "three irregular spellings"—nashonal, rashonal, and rashon. No one will persuade me that "the British nation has nashonalised rashons" is not going to cause a good many piccaninny headaches.

I would go with Mr. Barkley in many of his proposals; it is the universal sweep, the making of general rules, that frightens me. Spell quite "cwiet,"

if you like—but "Cween"? "Luv"? "Duv"? How many child-hours shall we save by making pretty words ugly? And won't "luv" baffle the many islanders who pronounce it "loove"?

Nor can we always trust the phoneticians' ears. "Pure," I gather, will be spelled "puer." But that does not seem to me to carry the same sound. For fifty years I have refused to rhyme "pure" with "brewer" or "sewer," or "higher" with "fire." These grand phoneticians, it seems, would do it without a scruple.

But my purpose is to present Mr. Barkley not to pick holes in him. He is always interesting, learned, and persuasive. I did not know that in the days of good old Anglo-Saxon this island too had the European plague of genders. "The Sun was a woman . . . The Moon was a man. It is the same to-day in German . . . it is the reverse in France where the moon is feminine and the sun is masculine." Our freedom from genders, our unchanging adjectives, and simple verbs make English so superior a language that with one more advantage, simpler spelling, Mr. Barkley thinks, it would be the undoubted tops. It is a serious and fascinating theme. Many, most, like this old square, will recoil with horror or hideous laughter when they see that "Peace" is to become "Peas." But that is what I meant about the impossibility of the open mind. We should brace ourselves and read on. Mr. B. has not got me yet. But if he were the acknowledged king of the invaders I should say: "I don't like your friends, but I don't mind talking to you."

Railway Mania

Anti-vandal patrols to combat hooliganism on the railways have been out in force during the holiday period.

STRANGE to think this schoolboy "spotter"

Sitting circumspect and solemn,
Writing on his grubby jotter

Engine-numbers in a column
May, with childhood's swift transition,
Soon become a teenage hothead
With, alas, the same ambition—

Not to leave a train unspotted.

— E. V. MILNER

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MILNER

"Now get out there and give them hell!"



"... and the bottom set
are the winning raffle ticket
numbers."

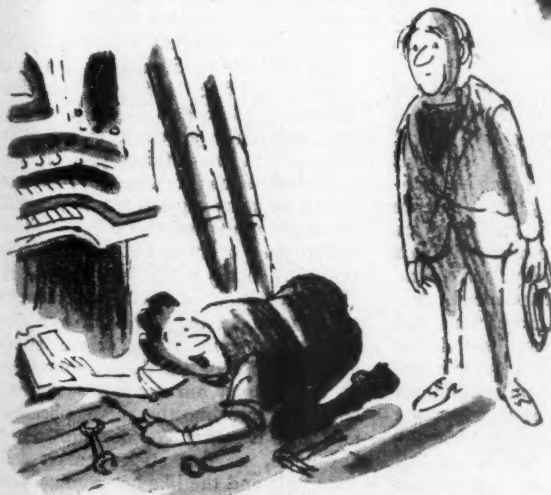


NEW BROOM

by A. F. WILES



"To be honest I haven't
got through the old one yet."



"I'm souping up the organ."



"From that sort of pulpit I'd revive 'em like Billy Graham."



Channel Talk

BRITAIN'S brinkier brinkmanship towards the Common Market has put renewed pep into the proposals for a permanent way across the Channel between England and France. The French, thinking in terms either of a tunnel or a bridge, call the project an *ouvrage fixe*, and now have their own detailed plans for both. An immense amount of jaw-jaw will of course precede any further serious consideration of the project by the two governments, but if Britain finally ties in with the Inner Six, if the engineers can persuade the economists and strategists that their blueprints are sound, and if the financiers can raise the wind, then an *ouvrage fixe* becomes a distinct possibility and one that ought to interest the speculative investor.

A decision one way or the other is urgently needed, for the present uncertainty is quite naturally discouraging the shipping, rail and port authorities from spending money on the reconstruction of existing facilities, and this at a time when the Channel route is becoming busier every month. It would be ironical indeed if this great maritime nation's once-prized moat turned out to be its greatest handicap in the new Europe.

Tunnel or bridge? For more than a year the two governments have had before them the proposals of the Channel Tunnel Study Group which is backed by the Channel Tunnel Company and the reconstituted Suez Canal Company. A railway tunnel would cost about £130 million and take some five years to construct. The bridge planned by the French would run for twenty-one miles, 230 feet above sea level and would carry five lanes of motor traffic, two rail tracks and cycle ways—all resting on concrete piles sunk into the floor of the Channel every 220 yards. It is claimed that this structure could take 5,000 vehicles an hour, and the

suggested toll would be about £6 10s. per vehicle. One advantage a bridge would have over a tunnel is that it could also carry pipelines for oil and natural gas: for some reason unknown to this column such pipelines would be considered too much of a risk in a tunnel.

Last week's news of the French moves to reopen discussions sent a handful of optimists sprinting for their brokers, and shares in the Channel Tunnel Company jumped by as much as a third to nearly thirty shillings. These shares are something of a mystery: they have been on the market for eighty years without once paying a dividend and even now they can have only a fringe interest in any positive outcome of the talks. If an *ouvrage fixe*

becomes practical politics the company will probably be bypassed by a new international sponsor at government level and there could be only compensation for the shareholders to get their teeth into. Last year the shares actually touched fifty shillings, and may do so again, but it is difficult to find any long-term justification for such support. Wiser speculation would look to the shares of possible contractors—the engineers, steel workers, tube manufacturers and so on, and one of the names that comes immediately to mind is Dorman Long, who in association with Merritt-Chapman and the Scott Corporation of the US, has already produced plans for a bridge. The wisest speculator will, however, continue to wait and see.

— BACK MARKET



Fire Blight and Others

SOME barbarian once declared that pears are of two kinds, those that taste of hair-wash and those that don't. More civilised and percipient persons salute the pear as the queen of all fruits. Accordingly the destruction of several thousands of fine dessert trees (mostly Laxton's Superb) in the last two years is a matter for mourning.

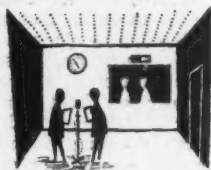
Fire blight was first found in England in 1957. In 1959 the Ministry of Agriculture was warning by leaflet: Fire Blight has appeared in England! Fire Blight has ruined American orchards: Don't let it ruin yours! But fire blight has spread—and not only pears have perished. Vast numbers of allied "ornamentals" (especially sorbs and cotoneasters) have been sacrificed. And near Southend alone more than two thousand hawthorns have been burnt because they are likely alternative hosts. But in England hawthorns are ubiquitous and too numerous for us to adopt the New Zealand policy of forty years ago—a general grubbing of hawthorns. All of which may seem to have overtones and undertones of hysteria but if you read about the actual bacteria, *Erwinia*

amylovora, and the bacterial ooze and American losses, you may understand the fears.

Much of the international traffic in disease is alarming. Fire blight is not alone. Everyone knows about the less deadly woolly aphis of the apple on which one authority has written: "Coming from America, where winter temperatures can be very low, she finds our climate a health resort eminently suitable to spend the winter in, so much so that in November she begins to discard her 'woollies'." Then there has long been the Dutch elm disease. Two species of timber trees highly esteemed a mere one hundred years ago, the European silver fir and the Weymouth pine, have been virtually knocked out of British forestry by alien blights.

Much more recently a chestnut blight scare has been in circulation. Chestnut blight, caused by a fungus, was first noticed in the States in 1904, when it was apparently a recent arrival from Asia. In the next thirty years it destroyed millions of acres of chestnut forest. In many regions ninety per cent of all chestnut trees were dead within fifteen years of the arrival (by wind? by birds? by man?) of the fatal spores. In 1938 it was reported in Genoa. American forces were debited with later war-time introductions in Italy, where sweet chestnuts are of the first importance. In this country our home-grown sweet chestnuts are mostly mere pheasant feed but chestnut coppice grown for hop-poles, walking sticks, basket and crate rods and the like has commanded £100 an acre. Too much to be lightly lost.

— J. D. U. WARD



CRITICISM

AT THE PICTURES

The Naked Edge *Raising the Wind*

FROM all the fuss about the shock ending of *The Naked Edge* (Director: Michael Anderson), and the earnest pleas that no one should reveal it, and the gimmick (as with *Psycho*, the script of which was by the same man, Joseph Stefano) of refusing to let anyone come in during the last thirteen minutes—from all this, you might suppose that that ending was the only thing that made the rest of the film worth sitting through at all. This is not so; the piece has faults, but lack of moment-to-moment interest is not one of them. I found it continuously entertaining. Perhaps it's a pity that Gary Cooper's last film couldn't have given him a more characteristic part, but it's quite a success.

One of its valuable qualities is interesting narrative technique, particularly visual technique. I've remarked before on the tendency of many people to object to this. When a scene is not photographed quite straightforwardly, when it is accented by camera-angles and tracking shots and very emphatic contrasts of light and shade and so forth, they become impatient (like the audience when Griffith first used the close-up, who are reported to have yelled "Show us their feet!"). But such devices are part of film language: they can make or emphasise points essential to the understanding of the story, and they can brighten and make interesting moments that would otherwise be simply dull. Certainly they may be unnecessarily used, but not, in my view, here. I was particularly struck by the ingeniously effective handling of flashbacks, some of which are introduced or signed off by way of a *negative* of the picture which gradually turns into a positive, or vice versa. Some of them also—and this has very rarely been done—are almost literally *flashbacks*: a character is reminded of something significant, and though a flash lasting a few seconds is all we see of it, that is enough to make us realise the point.

The story is told from the point of view of Martha Radcliffe (Deborah Kerr), wife of George (Gary Cooper), an American business man in London. As the

film opens, George is reluctantly giving the evidence (at the Old Bailey—the film is in the Hitchcock country, as well as the Hitchcock manner) that helps to convict a colleague accused of murder and robbery. Years later, various circumstances combine to make her wonder, and after a time she has reached such a pitch of unreasoning worry and doubt that she more than half believes George did the murder himself and would be ready to kill her too—for of course, as always in this kind of film, he takes no trouble at all not to behave suspiciously. He even goes out of his way to take her for a drive along a part of Beachy Head apparently made for pushing people over. And so to the climax, when by time-honoured custom she is alone in the house, and *somebody* approaches with a razor...

Yes, it's basically one of those quite artificial suspense pieces, but even apart from that perpetually interesting visual

style it has many good points. Though real acting is of course seldom called for in this kind of thing, there are a number of skilful people besides the two stars who are able to make their characters in some way memorable, including Eric Portman, Diane Cilento, Hermione Gingold (heroine's pawky friend), Peter Cushing, Wilfrid Lawson and Michael Wilding. All, you may observe, British; which makes it surprising that the British director of a film set in England should have allowed them to use so many of the script's American locutions, from "right here," "over with," "arms around me," "my robe" and "some place" to—but I assure you—"gotten."

I found *Raising the Wind* (Director: Gerald Thomas) in some ways an agreeable surprise: there are unexpectedly good moments in it. To be sure, it's essentially a popular British comedy with



GARY COOPER as George Radcliffe in *The Naked Edge*

many of the faults of its kind. It is not a real story but a string of brief episodes, more or less self-contained, so as not to worry the people who can't concentrate; it's told from the point of view of undeveloped schoolboyish or school-girlish characters and gets most of its laughs from the sort of thing youngsters find amusing (including the usual sprinkling of double meanings and metaphors taken literally); it relies on obvious type-characters and familiar joke formulas; it has some deadening shots of people in the story *showing* amusement. But even so, there are spots of very welcome freshness, though I wouldn't suggest that one of them is the performance of James Robertson Justice, who appears as, it seems simplest to say, the popular idea of the late Sir Thomas Beecham; in *Very Important Person* he was pretty near this, and here he is about as close as anyone could get—Sir Benjamin, a distinguished conductor who lectures at the "London Academy of Music and the Arts." The best of the piece, which is nominally concerned with five or six of his students, is in what might be called the backstage musical stuff, ranging from certain professional jokes very effectively done to a remarkably funny scene in which a professional orchestra, annoyed by the conceit of a student conductor, leaves him panting far behind in a performance of the *William Tell* Overture. There are forty-one names in the cast list; most

successful is Eric Barker, who makes an individual of the type-part of an absent-minded professor.

—RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE FESTIVAL

Edinburgh

I ENJOYED M. Bernard Dhéran's Vieux Colombier company in its revival of *Le Misanthrope*, but I should have preferred the production to have been in the costume of Molière's period. In a programme note M. Dhéran explains that his aim in presenting the piece in modern dress was to remove all distraction and allow the actors' personalities to speak for themselves. I know that modern dress often works like this, forcing one to think freshly about a play. Here for me it failed to do that, partly because the company retained the formal gestures of the French classic stage, where one might have expected modern cocktail manners, and partly because the evening dress worn by the men was a tailor's fantasy, with high collars and string ties and shirts with ruffles.

But if the mixture was awkward, there was nothing wrong with the polished teamwork of the actors, and the play still came over amusingly against a background of rich tapestries. Jacques Francois was a notable Alceste, who nearly burst with indignation at

the social triviality of the milieu in which surprisingly he chose to live. M. Dhéran made an admirably diplomatic Philinte, working tirelessly to soften the outbursts from his friend, and Madeleine Delavaivre, a Dresden figure superbly dressed, kept her suitors at bay with a lightness and poise that was always charming. And Raymond Gérôme gave Oronte, the cynical man-of-the-world, an arrogance that was devastating.

The second Old Vic offering was a production of *King John* by Peter Potter. This is a play without deep characterisation, apart from Philip the Bastard. John is a weak king, and Philip of France a gentle, colourless creature; Elinor is a fire-eating matriarch, and Constance a moaner *de luxe*. The true protagonists are England and France, and Mr. Potter has done all he could to make the issue dramatic. In spite of the high incidence of bumbling barons and hot-footed messengers there is some fine verse, and this is given its head. The tendency for voices to fade, as inevitably happens on an open stage when actors are speaking to the audience on the other side, is likely to disappear when the play comes to the Vic.

Once again the production is dominated by Paul Daneman, whose amusing and superbly confident Bastard is a memorable performance. This young actor has obviously carried off the laurels of the Festival. His range seems unlimited, and he acts with a poise and aplomb that are very refreshing in the theatre. Otherwise the chief interest is in Maurice Denham, who in his first essay at Shakespeare tackles King John, and makes a very brave shot at him, with an unconventional portrait that gains power as John sinks further into feebleness. Michael Goodliffe's de Burgh is also outstandingly good, and Robert Eddison's Philip of France and Walter Hudd's Pandolph are beautifully spoken. The distaff side is strong with Rosalind Atkinson's Elinor and Maxine Audley's Constance.

Mr. Potter has used the open stage of the Assembly Hall skilfully to keep his feudal flurries on the move, and Audrey Cruddas has decorated it royally, though it seemed odd that the troops of England and France should all go to the same hatmaker. A reliable little man in the Channel Islands, probably.

The Wood Demon is a very rare collector's piece of Chekhov, and we were grateful to that dedicated band of amateurs, the Crescent Company of Birmingham, for a sound production of it. It is the blue-print for *Uncle Vanya*, written some years earlier, and in the later play several of the characters vanished; the Uncle Vanya character shoots himself in the third act instead of surviving in misery. Even though the extraordinary precision that Chekhov was to learn is absent, his charm is there



PAMELA DIX PERKIN as Lady Audley, GEORGE STRACHAN as George Talboys, and PHILIP DE GROUCHY as Luke Marks, a villain, in *Lady Audley's Secret*



"Rear entrance, do you mind?"

and so already is his mastery of the anatomy of boredom. John Hancock and Thelma Jonsson play the professor and his wife with authority, Ronald Barber neatly sketches the victim of melancholy, and Richard Edmonds is good as the doctor whose passion for preserving trees earns him the name of the Wood Demon and the contempt of the irresponsible. The adaptation and production are both by Morris Fishman, who employs a large open stage with success.

For many years at the Festival the Oxford Theatre Group has made a name for itself with a late-night revue which has introduced to the stage such hopefuls as Dudley Moore and Alan Bennett, of *Beyond the Fringe*. This year their production, called *Late Night Final*, provides nearly two hours of unusually intelligent satire. The sketch showing the rehearsal for a royal visit to a false eyeball factory, which sounded so promising, turned out one of the weakest items; but it was more than made up for by John Wells' brilliant take-off of John Betjeman's TV appearances, and his absurd lecture on a great painter who had never dirtied a brush with paint, by Madge Raiton's singing skit on Gracie Fields, by Jonathan Cecil's parody of Fred Streeter's gardening talks, and by

Glyn Worsnip and Giles Havergal ragging the unsullied good-fellowship of the spacemen's press conferences. This programme, which is on the fringe, is far the funniest we have seen on or off it. Of Mr. Wells we shall surely hear more.

The Edinburgh University Dramatic Society has combined this year with the Edinburgh Group Theatre Guild in putting on a quite amusing burlesque musical adapted from Miss Braddon's *Lady Audley's Secret*. They have the sense to play this Victorian melodrama about a murdering adventuress with straight faces, and Pamela Dix Perkin as Lady Audley and George Strachan as George Talboys, who was nearly her victim, distinguish themselves.

AT THE PLAY

'Tis Pity She's a Whore
(MERMAID)

JOHN FORD'S *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* is nearly as grisly a play as *Titus Andronicus*, and an audience that has lost the Jacobean love of blood for blood's sake cannot be blamed for laughing as the corpses pile up after prolonged and very conversational death-throes. Nevertheless it has a dark power

of its own, and some of the speeches, particularly the Friar's horribly vivid preview of hell, are very fine. David Thompson has produced it at the Mermaid against a fixed set by Tony Carruthers with a company that speaks vigorously and gives evil its head.

The incestuous love between Annabella and her brother Giovanni, that starts the swords flashing and the poison trickling, is made an affair of real passion by Zena Walker and Edward de Souza. Patience Collier is good as the confidential maid who, having had her eyes gouged out, is then condemned by the suave Cardinal to be burnt to ashes by one of the play's few nice old gentlemen, whom Jerry Verno makes a diverting character. David Sumner is excellent as Annabella's unfortunate husband, and John Woodvine spine-chilling as Vasques, his tame assassin. What uncomfortable people the Jacobean must have been.

— ERIC KEOWN

ON THE AIR

Modest Plan for Reform

THIS is the end of my stint of television criticism which I seem to have spent, for the most part, saying how dreadful it all is. It has been



"Ernie, there's something about this place gives me the willies."

difficult not to at this time of year, when the most enjoyable thing for a whole week may be some early Fred Astaire film. (It is odd how much funnier the 'thirties seem in genuine contemporary films than they do even in such reasonably close parody as *The Singing Years* gave them last week.) But, as a final gesture of faith in the medium, I am going to make a few positive suggestions.

First there ought to be far more repeat programmes. At least a quarter of what both networks put out should be shown again within a month at a different time of day. This applies not only to important programmes but to minor half-hours of comedy or talk or documentary. I think that the quality of the whole business (which really is running pretty low at the moment) would improve, mainly because it would not be gobbling up material at the appalling rate it does, but partly because the idea of having to go through the thing twice might key performers and producers up a little. For instance some fairly appalling jokes are told us, and I like to think that they get in because the comedians and script-writers and so on feel that it's only this once so they can just get away with it. Twice, and they might have second thoughts.

The only argument I can think of against this is that enough people watch the machine the whole time for there to

be a welter of complaints when a programme is shown again. But, dash it all, there are two networks, and I don't believe that more than .01 per cent of the public watch them both the whole time. Of course both networks would have to do their quota of repeats. Perhaps the Government might use this as a red herring when they revise the Act to bring it into line with current advertising malpractice.

My other major wish is that they would jack up their idea of the intelligence of their audience. This isn't because I think they've a duty to educate us, but because most people enjoy using their minds and are interested in the programmes they see. This does not only apply to scientific and Mortimer-Wheelerish items but to the whole range of television. Take old films. These are much more enjoyable if you know when they were made; the hats and ideas fit into the historical perspective, and you get an idea of what your uncle or great-uncle believed to be the ideal woman. But they are whisked on without explanation in the hope, one imagines, that enough of us are simple enough to believe they were made only a couple of years ago.

Finally I wish that they would play the credits slower; realise that there is no longer a fashion for westerns, so that, though they will still dish out that

welter of gun-slinging, part of their excuse is gone; restrict the personal appearances of people making films about animals to, say, one-fifth of the time given to each animal; get the football results out of Saturday's children's hour—what's the radio for, anyway?—and next year refrain from plugging the Radio Show during every gap, natural or unnatural.

— PETER DICKINSON

☆

"3. Style and Composition

Lastly, there is the importance of style and composition, that is to say, how the answers are constructed. Three points may be emphasised, namely: (1) brevity, (2) clarity, and (3) relevancy.

Brevity.—An easy concise form of words is required so that the candidate says what he has to say without circumlocution—he must be brief and to the point. The questions should not be answered by means of a long rambling statement, taking perhaps fifty words to say what could be said in five. Avoid prolixity, the use of bald staccato phrases or merely notes simply because they possess the merit of brevity. If a candidate feels in doubt, he had better expand his answer than abbreviate it."

Extract of notes issued by the Chartered Insurance Institute to examination candidates.

See?

Booking Office



WARS, BOOKS AND SPEECHES

By PHILIP HENGIST

The Age of Churchill. Heritage and Adventure 1874-1911. Peter de Mendelssohn. *Thames and Hudson*, 42/-

OPENING this lavishly illustrated, heavily indexed and annotated 600-page volume, one remembers the young man in the Aldous Huxley short story who made his first assault upon Gibbon—"like a wasp sitting down to eat a vegetable marrow." Once embarked there are no misgivings. Mr. de Mendelssohn is an excellent narrator with a fine sense of history and a rich feeling for period. He is a considerable *raconteur*. He retells all the old stories about Sir Winston, adding lesser-known ones culled from much reading of forgotten memoirs and autobiographies. In this way, touching, retouching, adding, reflecting, conjecturing, he furnishes the reader with an entirely fresh and highly individual portrait of Churchill in the first thirty-six years of his life.

"In assembling my sources," he writes, "I have made no attempt to gain access to personal papers or private archives, or official records which are not open to the public, but have relied entirely on the vast amount of available published material." The private archives are already bespoken. They are reserved for the day when Mr. Randolph Churchill composes his own definitive study. To have said so much in the interim, with the aid of only published sources, is a remarkable achievement. In this book Mr. de Mendelssohn shows himself an admirable social historian.

Born in Munich in 1908—the period that Sir Winston has characteristically described as "The Age of the Antonines"—Churchill's latest biographer is obviously in love with English institutions. When he talks of the House of Commons, for example, one feels that he is inclined to gild the lily. In this he is very like that great adopted Englishman, the late Lewis Namier, a superb historian who shared many of Mr. de Mendelssohn's obsessions. At times in

his narrative the Teutonic mind comes creeping rather powerfully in. He subjects Sir Winston's only novel *Savrola*, a Ruritanian political romance published in 1899, to an insistent nine-page analysis, concluding formidably as follows:

... We know from his autobiography how strongly his father overshadowed his life, and how powerfully he felt drawn towards his mother. *Savrola* reveals, in retrospect, not only the depth of this difficult relationship but also the young man's extraordinary sensitiveness. Any psychologist must assuredly be captivated by this "documentary of a soul." He may well deduce from it that the youth possessed an uncommonly intense "mother fixation"; that the idealised image of his mother replaced for him sweetheart, mistress and wife; that he regarded his father as a hindrance to the free development of his personality; that he sought to free his beloved mother from her sombre and disastrous attachment to his father so that he might have her all to himself. The psycho-analyst may even discover a regular "Oedipus Complex" urging the youth towards the destruction of his father, and he may suspect that it is the deadly paralysis, in the shape of Kreutze the Anarchist, which performs the unholy deed for him.

At other times his industry is rewarding. Few of us, for instance, will remember that Churchill suppressed his account of Kitchener's Sudan

campaign, *The River War* (1900) in the second edition. The indignant passage describing the removal of the Mahdi's head in a kerosene tin can, which the young subaltern so rightfully and so wrathfully deprecated in the first edition, was itself removed in the 1902 impression. The reason was not far to seek. By 1902 the author was a Member of Parliament, and the original text had been reduced by nearly a third, the discarded matter being "mainly personal impressions of a controversial character."

Mr. de Mendelssohn is a good remembrancer. As Sir Winston once remarked of Lord Rosebery, the past stands ever at his elbow. There are so many etceteras about the great man that one had forgotten—that he has one-sixteenth of Red Indian blood, that he and Lord Attlee had the same governess, that the reason he was not entered for Eton was because "it was thought that the more elevated position of Harrow would be better for his lungs." Mr. de Mendelssohn sees him as "a unique mixture of pragmatism and romanticism"—the only English public school-boy ever to emerge unscathed from a public school education. He refers—and it is right to end on this note—to his prodigious memory. Sometime in the mid-thirties he made a speech on re-armament, remembering from the pages of this journal some lines "which I used to pore over when I was eight or nine years old at school at Brighton":

*Who is in charge of the clattering train?
The axles creak and the couplings strain,
And the pace is hot, and the points are near,
And Sleep has deadened the driver's ear;
And the signals flash through the night in vain,
For Death is in charge of the clattering train.*

"However," he added, "I did not repeat them."

NEW NOVELS

The Pattern of Perfection, and Other Stories. Nancy Hale. *Macmillan*, 18/-

The Porch. Richard Church. *Heinemann*, 18/-

The Single Secret. Teo Savory. *Gollancz*, 18/-

The Chess Players. Frances Parkinson. *Heinemann*, 21/-

The painful absence in this country of a magazine which prints, as a matter of specific dedication, really good short stories is always brought home particularly sharply when we get—as we have been getting lately—a number of story collections culled from the pages of *The New Yorker*. That magazine is to urbane letters pretty much what Fortnum and Mason is to chocolate-covered ants;



it creates, upholds and makes distinguished the pursuit of such delicacies; it reminds us that good writing is still a decent thing. Thus if the thirteen stories in *The Pattern of Perfection* take place in a world of people who are well heeled and sophisticated, and if these stories are distinctive for the finish given to their presentation, if the conflicts and difficulties dealt with are seen urbanely from a distance without any personal anger or personal message, then these qualities are drawn in part from an atmosphere created by the magazine—an atmosphere which comfortably implies a reading public, an atmosphere almost any writer must relish. Nancy Hale is a very good and very intelligent writer, with a great sense of social rank and social setting; she is extremely good in giving in a few sharp touches the differences in flavour and therefore the possibilities of conflict between two different societies—Boston and New York, the North and the South, the Scott Fitzgerald era and the present. Her impressionistic method—she renders a situation rather than takes part in it—does not mean a complete lack of involvement; there is a satirical moralist at work behind it all. Her best story in this volume, "Rich People," sets high-minded Unitarian Boston against the rich people who spill emotions around them generously; the lesson is the observer's lesson that when standards differ and societies change, someone is lost between them, and suffers.

A similar conflict lies at the heart of Richard Church's *The Porch*, first published in 1937 and reissued now with a new introduction by the author; in this case it is between the stoic philosophy of the Civil Service, dutiful, unheroic and undramatic, and the romantic and epicurean philosophy of the artist and the man who sees himself destined to greatness. The sensitive, poetic, bourgeois young man, the clerical chap with holes in his shirt and his books hidden

under the blotter at work, is no more one of our contemporary heroes. The struggle against poverty has gone, the intellectual individualism is nowadays rare, the educational system gives everyone the choice of following the path which John Quickshott fights so hard to pursue. The trilogy of which this sensitive and highly romantic novel is the first volume bears some comparison in its social scope to the "Strangers and Brothers" sequence of C. P. Snow, and is all the more interesting for evoking so successfully a world so near and yet already remote.

The Single Secret, one of the "try-to-remember" genre of psycho-analytic novels, is an intense and rather pretentious piece of writing concealing a simple and interesting narrative about competition between a family owning a Yankee marble quarry and the family of the immigrant foreman. The scenes in the asylum in which the heroine tries to dredge up from her memory the more horrible parts of the narrative are long-drawn out and derivative, though deeply felt and sensitively rendered. Miss Savory shows strong gifts but also a dangerous passion for poetising. One can hardly say the same of *The Chess Players*. Frances Parkinson Keyes stakes everything on her historical sense, and it is as an historical novel pure and simple that one would want to read this tale of the life of the famous chess player, Paul Morphy, born in New Orleans in 1837. Mrs. Keyes does have a great gift for bringing alive the daily life of the old American south, and this adds a stylised quality and a solidity to her simple motivations and conventional storytelling. Morphy is a singularly good choice for her attempt to write a novel based on a real person's life; he ranged about North America and over Europe and yet was rooted deeply in the Creole life of Louisiana that Mrs. Keyes knows so well.

—MALCOLM BRADBURY



"First my warmest thanks to Cousin Leonore who helped me write this document . . ."

STUNT LAWYER

Due Process. The story of criminal lawyer George T. Davis. Brad Williams. Gollancz, 21/-

Defences of people accused of murder, 186; acquittals, 184; that is the extraordinary record of George T. Davis, a first generation American criminal lawyer, son of a Greek waiter and his German wife. Even by American standards Davis is a stunt lawyer. When defending a sergeant accused of murdering his wife Davis got his client's "dream testimony" tape recorded while he was under sodium pentathol. In it the prisoner accused another man, who had an unshakable alibi. Verdict: acquittal. At a court-martial Davis trapped the president of the Court into rash remarks, and then charged him with prejudice. Verdict: acquittal. Called in, after sentence of execution had been passed, to fight for the life of a man accused of killing a fourteen-year-old girl, Davis arranged a TV interview to reach the State Governor, in an attempt to obtain a stay of execution. He was unsuccessful, both here and in the Chessman case, when he tried to excite public feeling by a whole stream of telecasts and radio interviews. No doubt Davis has a sincere passion for justice (he is President of the People Against Capital Punishment Inc.) but is justice ever seen to be done through such methods?

—JULIAN SYMONS

THE PROPHET OF COOKHAM

Stanley Spencer. Gilbert Spencer. Gollancz, 21/-

Stanley Spencer, who as a painter brought a fresh personality to religious art, was a unique character. Although narrow in his views in some ways, and immersed in the myth which he invented round his native village Cookham, he was very approachable. A cheerful, tiny robin-like man, he had a considerable gift of the gab, was a deep reader, and musical.

His painter brother Gilbert brings all this and much more to light, including a fascinating account of his service in World War I. Further he brings his brother to life. The book will be eagerly sought by present admirers of Stanley Spencer who want to know all they can about him, and in the future it should help to explain, to some extent, how the eruption of this artistic personality (so foreign to the general trend of his age) took place and the circumstances in which he yet flourished. The book is enhanced by the author's illustrations.

—ADRIAN DAINTRY

INSIDE DICKENS

The Imagination of Charles Dickens. A. O. J. Cockshut. Collins, 16/-

Mr. Cockshut sticks to his point. He is as isolationist as Coolidge. He limits himself to a discussion of the images

which excited Dickens, finds that they recur constantly throughout his work, but that they are used differently and gain in depth of significance as Dickens grows older. Dickens begins, in *Pickwick*, as a gifted, irresponsible fantasist; by the time he has reached *Little Dorrit* he is "an original artist fashioning new symbolic equivalents for our most inarticulate emotions." The dominating images are ones associated either with prisons, crowds, dirt, money, or the sea.

Mr. Cockshut studies his texts closely. He is good on the "fake-autobiographical element" in *Copperfield*, and about the novelist's need to concretise—"he must make his spade a spade before it can ever be a symbol." He undervalues Dickens's campaigns for social betterment, and tends sometimes to trim the novels to suit the theory. He makes little use of biographical material. With someone like the Inimitable, who was complicated and naïve, intuitive and slick, this is a mistake. He is strangely unilluminating about that modern favourite *Hard Times*. — DAVID WILLIAMS

SKIN-DIVERS OFF MEXICO

Diving for Treasure. Clay Blair. *Arthur Barker*, 21/-

I don't know which is the more exciting, Clay Blair's description of skin-diving to an ancient wreck off the coast of Mexico, in heavy seas riddled with sharks, or the tireless search through maritime archives on both sides of the Atlantic in pursuit of a few slender clues that finally proved her to have been a Spanish merchant ship, *El Matanzero*, that was a victim of the War of Jenkins's Ear, foundering in 1741.

Having discovered the wreck, Mr. Blair and his friend Bob Marx started diving in a small way, but running up

"Have you been at his after-shave lotion again?"



against Mexican bureaucracy were obliged to combine with a much bigger party which, armed with the latest equipment, soon brought to the surface a great variety of articles from the ship's cargo. No doubloons, but a rich contribution to marine archaeology. The accounts of the divers' underwater adventures are fascinating, and the subsequent hunt reads as if it were a first-class detective story. — ERIC KEOWN

MANIPULATING THE ORDERS

Arsenic and Red Tape. Edmund G. Love. *Gollancz*, 16/-

In twelve hoked-up reminiscences Mr. Love, late of the United States Army Historical Division, describes with worried relish some of the lovers and manipulators of routine he has met in a wildly varied official and commercial career. Verisimilitude wavers and occa-

sionally the verve shows reliance on overdrive; but on the whole the book is both entertaining and educational. Take for example what can be done in the way of stultifying the intentions of generals simply by clearing an in-tray slowly.

Always somewhere out of sight there is a victim; it may be the customer of a store where the manager's chief concern is the maintenance of order among his stock or the taxpayer landed with gigantic expenses for museum projects or the staff of an automobile firm where elastic bands have to be counted night and morning and it is forbidden to wear shorts on the Salaried Employees' Outing. Perhaps the finest specimen in the collections is the female in charge of a transit camp who hung on to attractive males for herself and her girls simply by not passing on movement orders.

— R. G. G. PRICE

BLOOD COUNT

It Wasn't Me! Ian Jefferies. *Cape*, 15/- John Craig, professional mathematician and layabout, is nudged and bribed by M15 (677?) into smuggling himself into Hungary to worm secrets out of ex-colleague. Nothing works out right, but in the process some funny, exciting and very convincing non-senses happen. There are three divinely absurd girls, none out of drawing, and an acid line on spies.

The Packard Case. William Merrick. *Gollancz*, 15/- Tough US counter-espionage agent and hatchetman arrives in Paris to find defecting colleague, his private enemy. Plays a ruthless lone hand, ruining the innocent if necessary. Intense and compelling, also a sermon (I think) against all-out cold-war ethics.

Grave of Heroes. James Cross. *Heinemann*, 18/- Paris again, and even more intense. Drifting American journalist becomes involved with heroic ageing exile from Spain and South American Republic, where he is planning a Castro-type rebellion. Journalist gets left holding the baby. Full


of good characters, mostly pretty nasty, but rather thickly written and skippety in narration.

Fear is the Key. Alistair Maclean. *Collins*, 15/- Efficiently exciting account of Englishman's worming himself into mysterious American racket operating as off-shore oil-drillers. Some big scenes in the storm-racked oil-rig. Hero several degrees too lucky for credibility.

Gideon's Fire. J. J. Marric. *Hodder and Stoughton*, 12/6. Reliable documentary about investigation into large-scale arson, a rape, a series of stranglings and a minor City fraud. One knows all along who is guilty, but the level story-telling builds suspense. Perhaps Mr. Marric's policemen are a bit too perfect, but they are all credible and different.

One Away. Allan Prior. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*, 15/- Gipsy family, of varying degrees of assimilation to gorgio ways, try to get the wildest of them out of Dartmoor. Good background, perhaps a bit much of it, and simple, well-controlled plot.

— PETER DICKINSON



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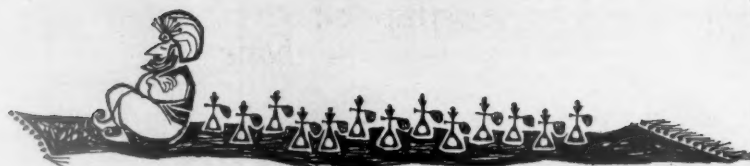
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(BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)



FOR WOMEN



A Cottage for Free

THERE are one or two things you might like to know about Bertie's place before you go. I know he's given you the keys and all that stuff about what to do when the hot water dries up and the cold tap runs red, but a few other details are worth mentioning:

First of all, when he says "It's a bit primitive . . ." just forget that he buys his braces in Burlington Arcade and collects Elizabethan glass. If what you envisage is a careless welter of waders, wildfowling coats and rods from Hardy's, prepare yourself now for packets of solidified detergent powder, whiskered remnants of bacon, septic torch batteries,

vintage copies of *Blighty* and ranks of HP beans (the Lamb is five miles away, you can whistle for a meal after 7 p.m., and if you get there at all it will be through the ambush of the local sheep-dogs).

Of course Bertie is known for his generosity and you don't have to worry about rent. When it's all behind you you might think a gesture from him not inappropriate, but meantime there's your own outlay to consider.

You can get quite cheap carpet sweepers, so this is not a major expense. There is of course nothing to stop you getting down to it with Bertie's dustpan

and balding brush, but assessing your labour at the lowest char rates you will be putting in about twenty-five bobs'—worth of sweat to do even a superficial job. This is a big room (I expect he told you that the place was once a school-house—which accounts for some, though perhaps not all, of the inscriptions you can read on both interior and exterior walls), and in fact the only room you need—or rather, *can*—use, unless you happen to have along your ceiling replastering kit and something to excavate the spider-shrouded sarcophagus which for your own peace of mind you may think conceals a bath.

In case the man calls again, the demand for water rates marked "Last paid April, 1953" is now in one of the small drawers of the Welsh dresser, with the packet of French toothpicks and the "Tin beans, bot. Benedictine, see Elfyn Jones re loo" shopping memo.

You may be able to get the scythe sharpened locally, but it is better in any case to take your own, so that when you arrive you can at least clear a few feet for the car and get it off the blind corner of the lane before it is stooked up by a passing binder. Incidentally, you may like to know the composition of the big rock: you can't miss this (what are bumpers for anyway?)—it's embedded in the ground between the entrance gates. It's shale. When you come to dig a hole for the refuse you'll find a lot more like it, and on the whole you might think it better to take your own spade than to pay the local farmer for the wear and tear of his.

It is not a good idea to leave the gates open so that cows can slip in: not only is it bad for them to gorge themselves on all that shoulder-level grass but you really won't find it awfully amusing to have to muck out the garage.

Among the joys of country life are of course creamy farmhouse milk and butter and eggs warm from the hen. True, the local farmer will kindly spare you a half-pint of pale blue (his only two cows are wet-nursing some six poor little calves, so you can hardly expect cream on it, can you?); his wife doesn't make butter, and the hens are sulking. However, there is a perfectly good milk machine—a daisy-fresh carton for every sixpence in the slot—in Rhwmcwydd (or was it Ysysffwh?), which stands outside the only dairy in

Gubbins

INEXORABLY as the sea-waves move
Gubbins invade us. Button, power-plug fuse
Make for the bowls and ashtrays which they love
To share with ball-point springs and tiny screws.

Here is a tube-cap. Shall it join them? Yes,
And this. (Buckle off strap of bag on bike?)
Thus our uneasy truce with tidiness
Is kept; our filing system, like to like,

Moves to that splendid climax when we pour
The lot into a shoe-box, leaving sill
And shelf swept clear of gubbins evermore—
Which is another way of saying till

With the next flag-day flag, or bit of train,
Or plastic lemon's lid, they're here again.

— ANGELA MILNE

the place (you can buy cigarettes in the dairy), and you would have to go miles before you found any better Danish butter and lion-stamped eggs than the ones the sweetshop sells, alongside some excellent views of the Dams.

Whatever you do you mustn't miss the Dams. Nobody is interested in the magical walk you will snatch between the rains one evening when the moonlight slews silver across the hills, etc.—what you have to see is the Dams. And the sooner the better, as you are then in a position to stem any hyperbole with a brisk "Breathtaking! Spectacular! And to think that they supply the entire needs of the Birmingham waterworks!" If at the same time you can wink up another round of beers, you should manage to dodge the "miracle of science—feat of engineering—and what the Queen wore when she opened them" sequence.

A very useful man to know is Morgan the Peppermint, who can usually be found sipping whisky-and-peppermint and singing *Ave Maria* at closing time in the Lamb. He will do things like mending the window sash cords which you might cut in desperation before you find that Bertie's "back door" key fits not the obvious but another back door which lies improbably and almost unapproachably through a clutter of outside Girls' and Boys' Cloaks'.

Bertie himself will have been up there since we left, so you won't miss the point of that note on the wall adjuring you to "leave the place as you would wish to find it—and not necessarily as you found it." Of course, I know it's only a break for you, a throw-away, not a proper holiday at all . . . Davos at Christmas, was it, you said? . . . but if you do have second thoughts, the Splendide at Swanage just might have a room . . . a bit primitive, of course, but then there's primitive and primitive, isn't there?

—CHES GUDENIAN

☆

"THE CLEVER COOK"

She makes a wonderfully nourishing orange milk shake for the children simply by mixing equal quantities of milk and black currant juice and adding sugar to taste—for party occasions she tops it with a little whipped cream.—*Woman's Day*

Neat, certainly.

On the Telephone

YOU'RE having another? Darling, how wonderful! Yes, of course I mean it, I think it's too marvellous of you—I wouldn't go through it again myself, but I really do admire you. My dear, when? Oh well, that gives you plenty of time to get organised—the thing is to get everything ready well ahead—it's the only way.

What does Dick think about it? Yes, of course, it's easy enough for a man, isn't it? I rather think John feels that we should have another, but I just

couldn't face it—all very well for him, but I'm the one who would have to cope.

Have you told the children yet? I expect they'll be excited. I think it's absolutely terrific, darling. Take care of yourself, get plenty of rest now while you can, and if there is anything I can do, let me know right away.

Here come my two horrors in from school now—I must tell them the news.

Listen, children—Aunty Margaret is going to have another children's party!

—NORMA YOUNG



"I would have thought, young man, that five years' medical training would have taught you enough to make a more informative diagnosis than 'You're not exactly a chicken'."



TOBY COMPETITIONS

No. 182—What Next?

THE cinema killed the music-hall, talkies killed the silent films, television threatens the cinema and theatre. Forecast the mass entertainment that will kill TV. Limit 120 words.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by Wednesday, September 13.** Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 182, *Punch*, 10, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 179

(Rhyme first)

Competitors were asked to write a poem with the rhymes at the beginning instead of the end of the line. The competition itself was the favourite subject and an enthusiastic entry made judging difficult. Should ingenuity be allowed to offset dullness in handling a subject; should smooth, sentimental verses beat rough, funny ones?

The winner is:

A. M. ROBERTSON
28 WANDLE COURT GARDENS
BEDDINGTON
CROYDON

Verses, like vessels, use rhyme as a rudder, said Butler.

Rhyme is a rock which will certainly wreck you, sang Dryden.

Terse is each dictum (though, be it admitted, they hardly

Chime in together). So, *Toby*, if rhymes are the wreckers.

Worse is to see them ahead than abaft. And how grave a

Crime if the helmsman (the steering-gear metaphor this time)

Nurses his craft with a rudder attached to the bowsprit:

Prime is the need to have this in the normal position.

Curses on those who demand that we operate backwards!

I'm not a Jew or a Chinaman, *Toby*. I've finished.

Following are the runners-up:

Pounding o'er boggy heath
Browned by the heat of day,
Frowned on by Law,
Found out by Sherlock Holmes,
Gowned in his Inverness,
Round by the Tor,
Wound in no funeral sheet
Drowned in a mossy bog—
Ground ye abhor,
Sounding the threat of death,
Hound of the Baskervilles
Bound ye no more?

H. M. Coatsworth, Benridge Hall, Ponteland, Newcastle-upon-Tyne

Why do we sometimes feel the urge to
Try the back door though the front
Invites? What atavistic streak in us
Delights to leaf through magazines backwards,
Look first at the last paragraph of the
Book? Is this fondness for
Reverse gear a mere looking-glass foible, or,
worse, a
Perverse desire to be different? Or is it
perhaps an instinct that the
Façade is there to blind us, that the
Charade of surfaces deceives? Do we seek
instead that
Uncouth but honest image of
Truth that no one has yet had time to tidy
away?

Ian Kelso, 7 Siltwood Close, Ascot, Berks.

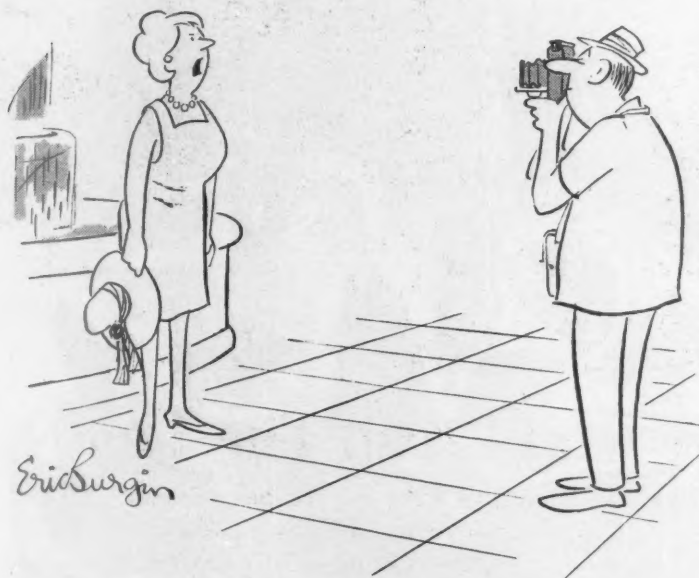
Worse than most things set by *Toby*,
Verse that must be written wrong,
Rhyme that never suits the measure,
Time that spoils a simple tune!
How can reader hope to beat him,
Now that he must, back to front,
Put his Dunces' thinking cap on,
Foot a fumbling meter's track.
Can a poet, in a mirror
Scan his vision in reverse?
Parting from accepted custom
Starting where he ought to end.

Lt.-Col. G. R. Dowland, Lime Tree Cottage, Rectory Road, Church Oakley, Nr. Basingstoke, Hants.

Place a bunch of cake tins,
Trace some fern around:
Build a mossed cigar box;
Gild it lily wise.
Stun your blooming visitors;
Run riot ivy up
Table legs and armchairs,
Cable wires and lamps.
How to use your floral packs—
Now's the time to learn,
Where to group those marguerites?
There! outside the vase.

Constance Hale, Rosecroft, 24 Fairfield Road, Petts Wood, Kent

Book-tokens also to: Priscilla Hazzard, 53 Tierney Road, Streatham Hill, S.W.2; Miss G. Prince, 87 Green Lane, Addlestone, Surrey; D. J. F. Quirk, 5 Helmsley Road, Boston Spa, Yorkshire.



"At least with this new camera we'll only have to wait ten seconds instead of a week to find out you've chopped my head off!"

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE XIII

Wigmore Hall. Sept. 14, 7.30, Lloyd Ansel (tenor). Sept. 15, 7.30, Paul Burger ('cello), Jacqueline Blancard (piano). Sept. 16, 7.30, Geza Hegyi (piano).

GALLERIES



Agnew's. Old Masters until September 9. **Alfred Brod.** Master paintings and drawings. **Arcade.** Medieval Renaissance, Baroque sculpture and African masks. **Arthur Jeffress.** At the Seaside until September 9. **Arts Council.** Senefelder Jubilee Exhibition. **Beaux Arts.** Summer Exhibition. **Colnaghi's.** Drawings by Old Masters. **Cooling.** Hugh Micklem recent paintings. **Grosvenor.** Moore, Lorri, Newcombe, Hoffhner, Calder. **ICA.** Young Sculptors. **Kaplan.** Summer Exhibition, impressionist and modern paintings, sculpture. **Lefevre.** Contemporary paintings. **Leger.** Old master paintings and early English watercolours. **Leicester.** Artists of fame and promise. **Marlborough.** Some aspects of 20th-century Art. **Mayor.** Calliannis, Civet, Lesieur paintings. **McRoberts & Tunnard.** Italian and English paintings and sculpture. **Molton.** Duncan paintings. **Tate.** Max Ernst. **Tooth.** Corot to Picasso. **V & A.** Italian bronze statuettes and Centenary Exhibition of Kuniyoshi. **Waddington.** Jankel Adler. **Walker's.** The People exhibition of Housewives' Paintings. **Wildenstein.** Raoul Dufy paintings, watercolours and drawings.

SHOPS



Opening on September 6 will be "Young Jaeger's" in Sloane Street, with an autumn range of clothes by designer Robert Schulz. Newly opened at **Harvey Nichol's** Little Shop is their "Young Colony" department, catering especially for the 15 to 17-year-olds. Their main store now has an Ascher boutique, with an exclusively designed collection that includes capes, stoles and scarves in printed Ascher fabrics. The Fabric department of **Derry & Toms** has the latest foam-backed cotton, wool and jersey, which are washable and make lining unnecessary. The Venner telephone timers are at this store, while **John Lewis** have a "Two-penny Telephone" Exhibition in their auditorium until September 22.

Designed by **Hardy Amies**, and now in his boutique in Savile Row, are men's pure silk, washable, handkerchiefs and squares. **Austin Reed**, Regent Street, have foulard silk printed chokers and all branches have the new charcoal jersey knit leisure jacket, Cheltenham knitted waistcoats in various colours and Melrose tweed hats. On the feminine side at **D. H. Evans** are Italian knitted hats in mohair and angora, pure silk Swiss scarves and, in the layette department, a collection of Italian baby shoes. On September 7 **Bentalls** of Kingston display safety fabrics for children, with emphasis on various makes of flameproof nightwear. From September 7 to 23 this store has its Television and Radio Exhibition. **Selfridges** has the most recent Blue Spot radiogram, "New York" model, full stereo, as well as their exclusive combined cocktail-cabinet/radiogram.

Liberty's have extended their "Ready to Wear" department and on sale now are their French cocktail outfits and a selection of Irish tweeds. New at **Marshall & Snelgrove's** are Peter Saunders tweed skirts and colour-matched knitwear, individually made in 4 to 6 weeks.



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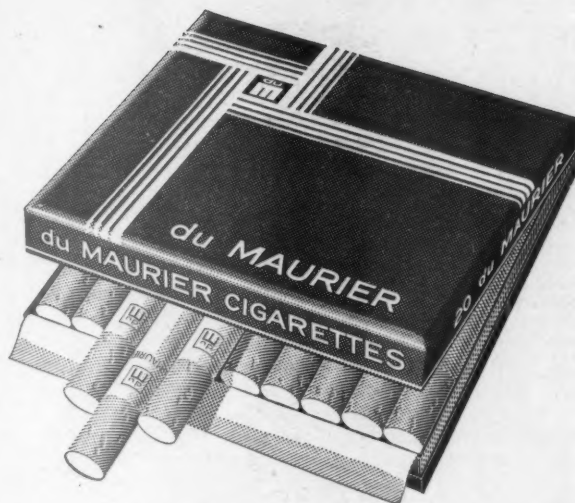
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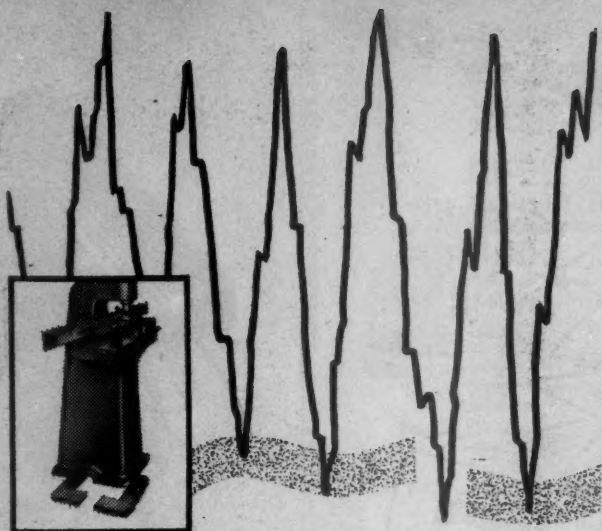
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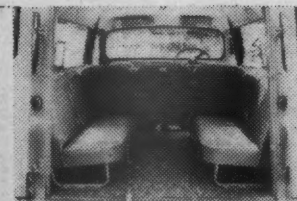
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The actual Procession of Recipients gains in picturesqueness from Oldbrick's more catholic acceptance of the truly pertinent, as distinct from the traditionally O.K., Subjects. We see, proudly displaying their gowns of office, the Bachelors of Film Studio Lighting, the Doctors of Light Reading Suitable for the Family, a Quizmaster of Is There Anything In It, two Ph.D's of Do It Yourself, Disputants in the History of Intercolonial Cricket Part One, a Passman of the School of Examination Passing, two Phobeharmonic Readers in Sunday Paper Musical Criticism, an Honorary Dame Electant of Woman's Magazine Editing, and a group of Public Demonstrators of Ceremonial, Circumstance and Pomp.

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